

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

NUMBER 27.

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1934.

Four Cents A Copy—\$2.00 A Year

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Millard Clough were away Tuesday.
Mrs. W. B. Twaddle left en route for Chicago.
Vivian Higgins is spending days in Brattleboro, Vt.
and G. L. Brown and Willis were in Portland Tuesday.
Harriet Merrill and Miss can were in Portland Saturday.

William Sanborn of Berlin Mrs. Vitella Crosby Tuesday.

S. S. Greenleaf attended the A. Congress at Augusta last week.

Mother's Club is planning to play the first week in December.

Mrs. D. H. Spearrin passed week end with relatives at home.

Fortier injured his ankle all the first of the week and crutches.

Vira Holt visited her niece, Harry Gordon, at South Paris last week.

Stanley Wentzel and daughter spent last week in camp at Pond.

Clark and John Fentnick Philadelphia visited at G. N. this week.

Kimball has bought the residence on Philbrook Avenue and is moving there.

Mrs. L. J. Littlehale and Frank were Sunday guests of Jennie King at Buckfield.

French of Turner spent days with Mrs. Anna French R. Smith and family this week.

Mrs. Wesley Wheeler overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler at Phillips.

day session of the Farm is being held at the Grange today. Subject, Reconditioning the Wardrobe.

Mrs. Elton Dailey and Katherine Goldthwaite returned home Monday from a ten day trip to New York.

Mattie Kimball and daughter of Medford, Mass., are Mrs. Kimball's brothers, and Austin Jodrey.

Mrs. Mary Sanborn and Betty and George and Willard spent Friday with Mrs. Berdards at Barton, Vt.

Mrs. E. N. Robertson returned to their home on State Street after spending some time in their cottage at Songo.

Smith and Carl Beedy of Foxcroft, Robert Hurd and Saunders of Lincoln were visitors in town Monday.

Mrs. Harry M. Wilson receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter this Thursday at the St. Louis Hotel.

first edition of the Colby college weekly, recently came on the editorial staff, as Editor for the year 1934.

Miss Kathryn Arlene Herd Bethel.

Mrs. Homer Crockett and children of Laconia, N. H., week end guests of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sumner, Summer accompanied them for a visit.

Eva Bean, who has been in the summer with her parents, Frank Bean, and family, has accepted a position as head nurse in a sanatorium at Hartford, Conn.

Miss Clark has received the sudden death of her cousin, Orville Estes of Boston, Mass. Burial this afternoon at Sanford.

regular meeting of the M. Club was held with Mrs. P. on Wednesday afternoon.

Program included: Roll Call, Boy Scouts; Talk, Scoutmaster, Herbert R. Bean; Article on Camp William Hinds, the Scout camp, written by O'Neill and read by Talbot.

GIRL SCOUT NOTES

The Girl Scouts held their meeting on Oct. 6 with an attendance of 14.

The meeting opened by forming the horseshoe, singing America, and repeating the Girl Scout promise and laws. Games were enjoyed. Some of the girls took their second class knot review test.

The meeting was closed by singing the taps.

We thank everybody for their kind patronage to the food sale. If anyone has pie plates will they please return them to Allen's Market.—Helen Lowe, Scout Scribe.

BETHEL FAIR THIS WEEK

Races and Ball Game Promised Saturday at Riverside Park

According to plans formed during the past week it has been announced that a program of races, horse pulling and cattle exhibit will be held at Riverside Park Saturday. A ball game featuring Bethel and Norway will be played and it is said that a merry-go-round and other midway attractions will be present.

With good weather Saturday this prospect should attract a crowd and the posters announce that the events will be held on Monday if Saturday is rainy.

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE

At the regular meeting of Pleasant Valley Grange, West Bethel, Oct. 9th, they entertained East Bethel Grange. After the meeting was called to order the chairs were filled by the visiting Grange.

The program consisted of stories read and told by different members, jokes by Brother Hickford of Bethel Grange, recitation by Gordon Mason, reading by Mrs. Bertha Mundt, remarks by E. E. Bennett of Bear River Grange, and the Master and O. S. of East Bethel Grange.

Refreshments were served in the dining room. East Bethel Grange will entertain Pleasant Valley Grange Oct. 24. Children's Night will be observed Oct. 23.

RALLY DAY AT M. E. CHURCH

A very pleasing program was presented at the evening service of the Methodist Church last Sunday by pupils of the Sunday School. The program included:

Song, All Welcome, Stanley Davis
Song, Verses, Psalm, Junior Dept.

Ten Little Fingers, Mary Gibbs, Adelaide Aubin
Exercise, Virginia Davis, Mrs. York's Class

Exercise, Two Flags, Irving Brown, Kathryn Davis
Song, Exercise, Miss Wilson's Class

Exercise, Mrs. Greenleaf's Class
Exercise, Mrs. Clifford's Class
Presentation of Diplomas

Duet, Hilja McKeen, Arlene Greenleaf
Collection

Must "Capture" Brides

The marriage ceremony in many parts of Poland is an elaborate pageant. Marriage by capture still prevails, with the groom and his friends dashing up to the bride's house on spirited horses, seizing the bride and running off with her. The procession through the village is led by bagpipers, fiddlers and flutists. The married and maiden friends of the couple wage a mock tug-of-war symbolizing the struggle of the bride whether to marry or remain in single blessedness. The groom and his friends are dressed in costumes of black and red, with hats adorned with peacock plumes. The bride is crowned with a tall wreath of roses and daisies tied with rainbow ribbons; she is sure to have rows and rows of beads wound about her neck and a bright velvet cloak and silk apron over her full skirt. Dancing and feasting last for two days and nights.

GOULD PLAYS ALUMNI SATURDAY

Many Former Stars to Appear in Lineup Which Inaugurates the Football Season Here

Saturday afternoon at 2:30 Gould Academy will play an Alumni team composed of many former star players. Injuries and illness have set the Academy team back greatly, but most of the players should be back in good form by Saturday.

The Alumni are gathering a strong eleven and the game should prove a thriller. The Alumni line will contain such men as Floyd Thurston, Charley Austin, George Wight, Clayton Glover and Carter. In the backfield will be Bud Browne, Norris Brown, Traf Bartlett, Wilson Bartlett, and Don Stanley.

This game will give local fans some idea of what to expect when Gould stacks up against Norway High here next Saturday. The game will start at 2:30 and it is hoped that there will be a big attendance at the first home game.

P. T. A. MEETING

The October meeting of the Parent Teacher Association was held at the Grammar School building Monday evening. Songs were sung by the assembly and after the business was completed the following program was enjoyed:

Report of Maine P. T. A. Congress at Augusta, Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf Reading, Mrs. P. J. Clifford Song, Miss Arlene Greenleaf Song and encore, Mrs. Mona Wentzell Original Poem, Mrs. Elsie Davis E. R. Bowdoin, Mrs. Adeline Fish, and Mrs. Cella Gorman will arrange a program for the next meeting.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER

About 50 guests were present at a miscellaneous shower which was tendered Miss Martha Brown at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown, on Thursday evening, Oct. 4. The affair, which was held in honor of her approaching marriage to William Von Zintz of Rangley, was planned by Mrs. Cella Gorman and Mrs. Beatrice Grover. Miss Brown had been invited to spend the day with a friend at Norway and upon her arrival home late in the evening found the house filled with friends and relatives, much to her surprise.

The entertainment included music with Mrs. Minnie Jordan of Lovell at the piano and Miss Pearl Morgan of Lovell as violinist. Vocal solos by Mrs. Mona Wentzell and Miss Catherine Lyon. The bonnet or guest was presented with a decorated basket filled with gifts, which included cut glass, silver, linen, and useful articles too numerous to mention, besides two cakes, one a bride's cake with bridal decorations made by Mrs. Cella Gorman, and the other made by Mrs. Edna York.

HERE AND THERE IN MAINE

Dubord has a slight disappointment in gaining only 27 ballots after inspecting the recount of the 13,900 senatorial votes cast in Oxford County. He had expected a bigger increase.

Governor Brann has invited the A. P. Managing Editors' Association to meet in Maine in 1935. The meeting this year was in Chicago.

Stephens High School of Rumford has the largest enrollment this year of its entire history. There are 796 students.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Edwards, Mrs. Ida Packard, Miss Eva Ladd, Mrs. Carl Brown, Miss Julia Brown and Miss Eleanor Lyon attended the supper and installation of officers of Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, Norway, last Friday evening. Miss Beatrice Browne, District Deputy, President, and Miss Susie Plafsted, District Deputy Marshal, of Sunset Rebekah Lodge, Bethel, with staff, did the work in a most commendable manner.

PERCY MICHAEL O'BRIEN

A very sad happening of the week was the death by suicide of Percy M. O'Brien of Dixfield at a camp in Grafton yesterday afternoon. He had been working in the woods in the vicinity and his death was discovered by his wife when she returned to the camp in the late afternoon.

Besides his widow, who was Miss Myrtle Swan, he is survived by three children, and several children by a former marriage.

Funeral services will be held at Greenleaf's funeral rooms Friday afternoon and burial will be at West Bethel.

PROMINENT SPEAKERS AT CO. CONVENTION

Annual Meeting Held at Gould Academy Last Thursday—300 Teachers and Superintendents Attend

In his address before the teachers and superintendents assembled at the general session of the Oxford County Teachers' Association at Gould Academy last Thursday, Bertram E. Packard, commissioner of education, said, "The Maine legislature took the most constructive step in the history of the State when it adopted the order for the appointment of the Public School Finance Commission to study the question of the status of our school. Some facts revealed by the commission have been humiliating and I hope the people will be willing to take the remedy. We must devise a new tax system to broaden the tax base, supplement and relieve the present taxes. I will not worry in the next legislature if the parents and teachers stand back of the recommendations of the commission to restore our educational program."

"The only thing that has not depreciated during the depression is the value of children," said Dr. E. W. Butterfield, commissioner of education of Connecticut, in addressing the secondary department, "and the troubles in education today are the same as 100 years ago, only the agricultural period has been replaced by the industrial one in which work for the boy and girl of high school age is gone."

Dr. Arthur W. Hauck, president of the University of Maine, speaking before the general assembly on the theme, "Our Civilization Cannot Survive Materially Unless It Be Redeemed Spiritually," said he was optimistic about the part our schools play in improving American life today and that "the boys and girls are sincere, honest and frank and learning to face the issues and not flinch."

Herbert R. Bean, State commander of the American Legion and principal of the Bethel grammar school in addressing the elementary department, said "the present demands of finance have complicated the teaching of arithmetic in the graded schools."

General Session 9:30-10:30
Chairman, Principal William O. Ballou, South Paris; Music; Prayer, Rev. P. J. Clifford; Business; Greetings from State Department of Education, Dr. Bertram E. Packard, Commissioner of Education.

Department Sessions, 10:30-12:00 m
Elementary, Chairman, Mrs. Julia Russell, Demonstration in Primary Language, Miss Gladys Salla, Locke Mills; "Arithmetic Able," Herbert R. Bean, Bethel; "The Well-Balanced Teacher," Miss Zeta Brown, Field Agent for Rural Education.

Secondary, Chairman, Principal Donald Westcott, "The Contract Plan of Instruction in Teaching Senior High English," Miss Hester Ordway, Camden High School, Camden, Maine; "The State Wide Use of the Contract Method of Education," Harrison C. Lynch, Agent for Secondary Education; Address, Dr. E. W. Butterfield, Commissioner of Education, Connecticut.

Rural, Chairman, Superintendent Ray Robinson, Address, Miss Zeta Brown, Bethel.

WATER UTILITIES MEET HERE

Annual Meeting Held at Maple Inn Wednesday—Fine program and Demonstrations

Eighty-six enjoyed dinner at Maple Inn Wednesday, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Maine Water Utilities Association. An interesting program was given as follows:

Demonstration of Ross Hydrant Thawing Device by American-LaFrance and Foamite Corporation

Demonstration of Monel Metal Range Boilers, Courtesy of W. L. Blake & Co., Portland

Attempt to Collapse Ordinary Range Boiler by W. C. Garey, Supt., Bethel Water Co.

Lunch, 12:30.

Address of Welcome to Bethel by H. C. Rowe, Vice-President, Bethel Water Co.

Annual Meeting of the Association

Report of Secretary

Report of Treasurer

Report of Editor

Report of Auditing Committee

Report of Nominating Committee

Election of Officers for 1935

History and Description of Bethel Water Company by W. C. Garey, Supt.

Brief Remarks by representatives of the two demonstrations

Preliminary Report of Committee of Rules and Regulations, Walter F. Mayo

Report of Committee on Meters by Horace L. Clark

President's Bi-monthly call-down of the Program Committee

Superintendents' Round Table Discussion

CHARLES A. DOUGLASS

Charles A. Douglass passed away at Corinth, Vt., last Sunday morning. He was born in Bethel June 20, 1873, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Douglass, and had spent much of his life in his native town.

Mr. Douglass was engaged in the mill business and for several years owned and operated the H. F. Thurston & Son mill here. He had also owned and operated mills at North Newry, Pinhook, Woodstock, and at Corinth, Vt., where he has been located for the past eight years.

He was three times married and has three children, Charlotte Douglass York of Rumford, and Eustis and Charles Jr., who lived at home.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Edna Douglass, the children mentioned, three brothers, Frank of Hanover, Henry of Portland, and Fred of Bethel, one sister, Mrs. Hazel Douglass Jose of Portland, and one grandchild.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at Greenleaf's funeral home, Rev. P. J. Clifford officiating. Interment was at Riverside cemetery.

Mrs. G. N. Sanborn spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Frank Frost, at Kingfield.

'Sweeten Breath by Purifying Your System'

Offensive breath—in many cases so very embarrassing—may not be a mouth condition but sometimes one deep down in the body. Cleanse and clear the intestinal tract promptly and safely by using

Dr. True's Elixir The True Family Laxative

This pure herb medicine contains no harsh irritants—it is a safe aid to good health, which may be more quickly attained when constipation is not prevalent. Good for kiddies too. . . . Successfully used for 81 years.

Mr. H. Wolf, Cambridge, (Mass.) druggist, says: "I have used Dr. True's Elixir in my family for years and I am so pleased with the results that I offer it to my customers upon every opportunity with my personal conviction and confidence in its results."

BRYANT POND

The Parent Teachers Association held their regular meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 4, with a large attendance. After the business meeting a reception was given to the teachers, then all listened to a lecture, with pictures, by Colonel Chester Tuttle, which was very interesting. Ice cream and saltines were served.

Franklin Grange held its regular meeting Saturday night with a good attendance for such a rainy night. The first and second degrees were conferred on a class of three. The number was drawn for the quilt and Leslie Abbott held the lucky number.

Mrs. Jeanette Tebbets of Locke Mills was calling on friends here one day last week.

Mrs. Chandler of Portland visited her daughter, Miss Alice Chandler, last Sunday.

The Garden Club will meet Oct. 13 with Mrs. Alger at Maple Inn, Bethel, at eight o'clock. Election of officers.

Mrs. Homer Farnum burned her hand quite badly Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bennett of Locke Mills were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Abbott over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Howard Judkins of Farmachenee were here a few days the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirke Stowell are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter.

Perkins Valley — Woodstock

Everell Wilson of North Leeds has moved his family into camp here and will drive a team in the woods for Alva Hendrickson this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swinton have enjoyed several days visit from his mother, Mrs. Jennie Swinton, and sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Duell and Carl, Jr., of Warrensburg, N. Y.

Earl Swinton is working on a lumber job in Greenwood with Elsworth Lawrence for Lauri Immonen.

Helen Poland has returned home from Buckfield where she has been caring for Mrs. Smith and baby.

Charles Silver and family, Abner Benson, Arvilla Silver, Linda Lawrence and Carl Cash went to Saco Sunday to visit Eli Benson and his family.

Last Sunday callers at Nelson Perham's were Clarence Perham and wife of Bryant Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Waterhouse and two daughters of West Paris, Leland Wilson and wife of Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thurlow, George Waterhouse, Mary, Alta, and Miriam Hendrickson enjoyed a trip around the mountains Sunday.

Cud Gammon has finished work for Alvah Hendrickson and has gone to Grafton to work in the woods.

Norman Perham was given a surprise birthday party at his brother's Melford Perham's, at West Paris, Thursday, Oct. 4, on his seventeenth birthday.

Earl Billings and Oliver Lawrence are sawing pulp for Al Hendrickson.

Linda Lawrence returned to her home in Buckfield after visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Silver, for several days.

George Waterhouse is boarding at A. R. Hendrickson's and working in Tebbets' mill at West Paris. John Cox also has employment there.

Ellery Lawrence and Elsie Richardson of Norway were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Cox Sunday.

PROBATE APPOINTMENTS

The following subscribers hereby give notice that they have received the appointments as indicated from the Probate Court of Oxford County. All persons having demands against the estates represented by them are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately:

Chancery C. Bryant, late of Bethel, deceased; William C. Bryant of Bethel, executor without bond, Aug. 28, 1934.

Timothy E. Gill, late of Greenwood, deceased; Ellery C. Park of Bethel, administrator de bonis non, with bond, Aug. 28, 1934.

Carl H. Swan, late of Greenwood, deceased; Eva F. Swan of Locke Mills, administratrix, without bond, Aug. 28, 1934.

WEST PARIS

One of the happiest events of the season was the birthday party given by Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Curtis in honor of the sixteenth birthday of their daughter, Elnora. Twenty-four young ladies were present: Glendine Ring, Pauline Young, Phyllis and Shirley Welch, Myrtle Emery, Hazel Herrick, Amy Stevens, Ida Oman, Euni and Hilma Limatta, Ina Oja, Tyme Schroderus, Irma Ryerson, Ruth Stearns, Julia Briggs, Zilpha Barrows, Milna Komulainen, Dorothy Emmons, Delphine Whitman, Fay Morgan, Kathryn, Lillian and Mary Jacobson. Refreshments were served. Games were enjoyed.

Mrs. Mildred Davis entertained the Good Will Society Tuesday afternoon. Fourteen members and three visitors were present. Mystery packages were sold.

Mrs. Helen Scribner of Portland who has been the guest of her brother, James S. Wight, and wife for the past three weeks went to Gilead this week to visit relatives.

Guests and callers at H. R. Tuell's Sunday and Monday were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Batchelder, Marjorie; Mr. and Mrs. Guy Chase and three children, Dryden; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Halliday and son, Alfred, Waterville; Miss Jane Bradbury, Lewiston; and Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Toothaker, Phillips.

GREENWOOD CENTER

A corn husking was held at D. R. Cole's Wednesday evening. A large crowd attended and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Laura Seames and family attended Fryeburg Fair Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cole and Mrs. R. L. Martin visited with Mrs. Frank Bennett at Locke Mills on Thursday.

Ernest Martin and Edward Hiltunen of Norway called at Ross Martin's recently.

H. H. Cushman of Shelburne is at Camp Shady-Acre.

Mr. and Mrs. Beryl Mann are rejoicing over the birth of a son born October 6th. Mrs. Martin and little fellow are being cared for by Mrs. Newton Bryant at her home at Rowe Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Felt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Felt, Betty Felt of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse of West Paris visited at Ross Martin's on Sunday.

Miss Mary Martin with Lee Mills and Mrs. Mary Mills of Albany visited relatives at West Poland and East Poland, Sunday.

GREENWOOD CITY

Sunday guests at George Coles were Mr. and Mrs. William Hastings and children of East Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Lauri Tamminen and son of Yarmouth and Mr. and Mrs. Nestor Tamminen and family.

Miss Lottie Day of Woodstock was a recent caller on Mrs. Clyde Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole of Portland were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Yates.

Mrs. Collata Morgan attended the Convention at Bethel on Thursday. Mrs. A. M. Whitman and daughter, Delphina, and Mrs. L. B. Emmons were in Lewiston on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hayes and children motored to Portland on Friday.

Ernest Curtis of Tubbs District spent a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Clyde Morgan, this week.

Miss Glendine Ring of West Paris was the Sunday guest of her friend, Miss Delphina Whitman.

Fred Curtis of Paris Hill was a caller at Clyde Morgan's on Sunday.

NORTH LOVELL

Harry McKeen has a new Chevrolet coach.

Mrs. Clayton Elliott from Berlin, N. H., has been visiting at Amos McKeen's.

Mrs. Arthur Curtis and three children, Alice, Dorothy and Erlon were callers at Amos McKeen's on Thursday afternoon.

Lester Fogg has been sick, but is gaining now.

Callers at Amos McKeen's Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Flint of Lynchville, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baker and baby and Mr. Sweeney from Bethel.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK

October 7—A pleasant morning terminating in a fair to middling day.

In my writing last week I mentioned the change of climatic conditions noticeable on Monday morning, October 1st. I also mentioned the absence of frost up to that date. But what a change that Monday night. Not only just a frost, but a freeze! Flower and vegetable gardens were ruined and people were brought to the realization that Jack Frost had impartially done his work presenting an impartial demonstration.

The twin babies, who have been so tenderly cared for by Mrs. Emma Perham, our local nurse, since the death of their mother, Mrs. Ruby Rogers of Greenwood, were recently taken by relatives to the town of Lovell where the little twin sisters are to become adopted by a Davis family of that town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews took a motor trip to Springfield, Mass., October 3, where they were guests of Mrs. Andrews' son by a former marriage, Dr. Hatt, and family. Dr. Hatt is a specialist in surgery at the Shriners' Hospital in Springfield.

Mrs. Minnie Stevens during the absence of her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews, spent the time as house guest of Mrs. Jessie Andrews at her pleasant home, where she was delightfully entertained.

Stanley Andrews, now of Boston, student of an embalming school there, is making week end visits home here with his family, returning to Boston Sunday afternoons with friends from Mechanic Falls who are also students of this same school.

Mr. and Mrs. Omer P. Brown and granddaughter, Bessie Edith Austin, of Bryant Pond were guests at Davis homestead of their daughter, Mrs. Velma Brown Davis, and family, October 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayden G. Davis and daughters, Edith Manola and Ethel Mary, were Sunday guests of their uncle, Albert Felt, and family.

Several of our local lumbermen have already commenced operations. G. G. Davis began work in the woods September 25. Alvah Hendrickson put a crew in the woods about September 25th and plans to put in another big year's lumber job.

"Cud" Gammon, who has been in the employ of Alvah Hendrickson for the past four and one half years, has given up his job there and gone to the big woods up country. Mr. Gammon has handled many thousands of wood and lumber for Mr. Hendrickson and given the best of service while there.

Mrs. Dorris Coffin and Mrs. Linda Laurence in company with Roy Coffin and Elsworth Laurence were recent attendants at the dance at Streaked Mountain club house.

There are no apples raised in this vicinity this year. The Cummings orchards on Curtis Hill and the celebrated Wyman Fruit farm are entirely unproductive this year.

The road work is going merrily on in perfect harmony. Seldom does one see a crowd of workers so willing to do their share of the work and then some besides. The horse teams have now disappeared and trucks are doing the transport-

ing of gravel from a pit in the town of Paris.

The Willing Workers met Wednesday afternoon from two to five with Mrs. Lyla Dean at her pleasant home in Andrewsville. This was the first meeting of the season and about 20 members responded to the invitation. The president, Mrs. Jessie Abbott of Highland Farm, being absent the meeting was most ably conducted by Mrs. Wilma Hendrickson, vice president. An invitation had been extended from the Ladies Aid of the Baptist Church of Bryant Pond for the Willing Workers of South Woodstock to meet with them October 10. The invitation was most happily accepted and weather permitting a good number plan to be present on that date. Sociability and story telling seemed the order of the afternoon as no work had been planned for this meeting. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served by Mrs. Dean and her daughter Elsie, assisted by Mrs. Dean's sister, Mrs. Ruth Cole, of South Paris.

NORTH WOODSTOCK

Mr. and Mrs. Willis McGuire and baby were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cushman.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Noyes and family were at Weld and Berry's Mills on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. James Knights and John Hemingway were in Lewiston Saturday. Mrs. Herman Cole was also there.

Bernard Cushman is improving, but is not able to come home yet.

Evelyn Knights was at home over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Buck and Mrs. Edgar Davis were at Norway Monday night.

Alphonso Brown has purchased a radio.

J. Burton Emery, Rawleigh dealer at Peru, was in this vicinity recently.

Hanno Cushman and friends were at Boston, Waltham and other places in Massachusetts over the week end.

SAFETY and CONVENIENCE

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Inferior Workmanship

will put the "Indian sign" of hard luck on the best of cars. Your auto deserves the expert attention Gibbs will give it.

Firestone All-Rubber Batteries

A. H. GIBBS HIGH ST., BETHEL Phone 105-3

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Miss Norma Ring visited Ruby Rolfe at West Bethel a few days last week, and has gone to work for Mrs. Rolfe this week. Misses Vera Dunham and Norma Ring were callers at Newton ant's Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Beryl Martin receiving congratulations on birth of a son last Saturday. Martin and baby are being cared for at Mrs. Newton Bryant's.

Mrs. Sidney Ring and son, of Bryant Pond and Miss Yates, West Paris, were at Ring's Sunday.

Wilmer Bryant is digging potatoes. Beryl Martin and Dore Lang helped him last Friday.

Wilmer Bryant called on Dore Dunham at Bryant Pond Sunday. Mr. Dunham is going slowly.

A good number went from vicinity to the husking bee at Cole's last Wednesday evening.

BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for



Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted

E. L. GREENLEAF OPTOMETRIST over Rowe's Store

DR. HOWARD E. TYLER CHIROPRACTOR

Bethel Mon. Afternoon Thurs. Evening

S. S. Greenleaf Funeral Home Modern Ambulance Equipment TELEPHONE 112 DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

E. E. WHITNEY & CO. BETHEL, MAINE

MARBLE & GRANITE WORK

Chaste Designs FIRST CLASS WORKMAN Letters of inquiry promptly answered

See Our Work—Get Our Price

E. E. WHITNEY & CO. Satisfaction Guaranteed

DR. RALPH OTIS HOOD

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

office at the Residence of

Mrs. Wallace Clark

Daily 9 a. m. to 12 m.

2:30 to 5 p. m. except Wednesdays

Evenings by appointment

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APOLLO Chocolates, W. E. BOSSE

CHILTON Pens, E. P. BOSSE

Community, Rogers Bros., Holmes & Edwards Silver, E. P. BOSSE

EASTMAN Kodaks, W. E. BOSSE

GOODRICH Rubbers, W. E. BOSSE

McKESON Health Products, W. E. BOSSE

MICHAELS-STERN Clothing, W. E. BOSSE

MUNSON WEAR, W. E. BOSSE

MURRAY Tires, LORD'S GAS, W. E. BOSSE

PHILCO Radios, W. E. BOSSE

WALK OVER Shoes, W. E. BOSSE

WATERMAN Fountain Pens, W. E. BOSSE

WEST BETHEL

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K. CLIFFORD

SOUTH PARIS,

Dealers in

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Reo Cars and T

Goodyear Tires, T

Accessories

Hill, Green
 Ring visited
 at West Bethel
 week, and has gone
 Mrs. Rolfe this
 Dunham and
 callers at Newton
 afternoon.
 Mrs. Beryl Marlin
 congratulations on
 son last Saturday,
 baby are being
 Newton Bryant's.
 Ring and son,
 Pond and Miss
 Paris, were at
 day.
 Bryant is digging
 Martin and Dur
 him last Friday.
 Bryant called on
 m at Bryant Pond.
 Dunham is g
 number went from
 the husking bee at
 Wednesday evening.

NESS CARDS
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WHITNEY &
BETHEL, MAINE
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WHITNEY &
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 J. Wallace Clark
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 E. P.
 Kodaks,
 W. E. BOSSE
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 Health Products
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 STERN Cloth

WEAR
 Tires, LORD'S G
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 W. E. BOSSE
 IN Pumps and
 W. E. BOSSE

WEST BETHEL

and Mrs. Roland Kneeland and Mrs. Portland were home at West Bethel on Thursday.

Mrs. Willie Mills from and were the over night guests of Mrs. mother, Mrs. Emma Tuesday.

Estella Goodridge left Saturday to spend the winter with her mother and family in South Portland.

Bennett was in Boston part of the week.

Edward Rolfe has moved his family to the place recently bought by Kenneth McGinnis.

Emma Ring is visiting her cousin, Clarence Rolfe.

John Bell of Dixfield spent a day with her mother, Mrs. Morrill.

School was closed Thursday because of the Teachers' Convention.

Carlton Saunders visited her mother, Mrs. Carrie Logan, of Albany today.

Ada Rolfe expects to finish at Bethel Inn this week.

Edmond Mason entertained the People's club at his home on Wednesday evening. A pleasant evening was spent. Games and cards in order. Refreshments of corn and sweet cider were served by Mrs. Mason.

Ed Loveloy and Carroll Abbott hauling pulp to Berlin.

Margery Mason, who has quite ill, is gaining slowly.

Fred Shaw called on her sister, Mrs. Mildred Tyler, on Wednesday.

SUNDAY RIVER

F. Verrill of Falmouth spent night in town recently.

Robert Bean and daughter, ages spent the week end in station.

crew of men under R. L. Foster are building a road to Penley's in this neighborhood.

The Federal Road is coming nicely under the foreman, J. Reynolds.

Lower Sunday River School Thursday for the Oxford Teachers' Convention, which was held at Bethel.

Charles Tuell is hauling wood Enoch Foster.

E. Wight called at J. W. Reynolds' Saturday.

oger Reynolds has completed work at Middle Intervale.

W. Reynolds entertained his family from Bath a few days last week.

amsey Reynolds and Clarence were in Rumford Saturday business.

and Mrs. D. S. Curtis were down over the week end from Bridgton.

HANOVER

Deferred

Marguerite Merrill is a guest in town over the week end.

and Mrs. Irvin Mills and son, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Worcester recently.

C. F. Saunders recently ended an 11 day motor trip through Oxford County and along the Coast.

Clara Rayford is a guest of son, C. F. Cummings, and family.

Shemokwa Temple held their regular meeting Friday afternoon with a good attendance. A rehearsal was held for the Convention, Oct. 12.

A. C. Saunders and son at the week end with her parents in Mexico. Addison Saunders and Will Thomas spent a few days at the Lakes.

and Mrs. W. C. Thomas attended the funeral of Charles S. Wain at Bethel on Friday.

K. CLIFFORD CO., INC.

Dealers in

Soto and Plymouth Cars

Reo Cars and Trucks

Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Accessories

NORTH NEWRY

The school teachers in town attended the Convention at Bethel on Thursday.

Mrs. Hartley Hanscom and family went to Kanover Saturday afternoon.

Work was begun on the Branch Road this week.

Miss Bertha Rogers has completed her duties at Mrs. F. W. Wight's and will spend a time with her sister.

Daniel Wight spent the week end in Lewiston.

P. O. Brinck and family of Bethel were Sunday callers at L. E. Wight's.

L. E. Wight and Harold Bennett were in Portland Monday.

Arnold Bames has been home from Portland for a few days. He returned Wednesday morning.

Saturday night Bear River Grange voted to have their annual harvest supper and dance Friday night, October 26.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ferren of North Rumford were callers at L. E. Wight's Monday evening.

Harry Isaacson of Auburn was in town the first of the week.

UPTON

Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Irons are taking their annual vacation at this time. They will visit relatives in Kingston, N. Y., and Middlebury, Vt. Rev. Mr. Halladay of Michigan, who is candidating in Errol, N. H., at this time will supply the pulpit here on October 14 and October 28. It will be unoccupied the remainder of the time during Mr. Irons' absence.

Mrs. Guy Pratt entertained the Lend-A-Hand Club at her home last Friday evening.

The Grange opened the season's series of Whist Parties last Saturday evening. Five tables were in play. The high score prizes were won by Mrs. Pearl Peaslee and Roland Coulombe.

Albert Judkins, Gordon Barnett and Phyllis Williamson were home from Gould Academy over the week end.

Nine of the Brown Company employees of Berlin, N. H., spent the week end at the Coulombe-McGillen cottage on Thistle Street. All of them attended the Grange Whist party Saturday night.

Mrs. Katharine Enman has been sick for several days. She is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holt of Norway were in town one day this week calling on friends and relatives.

SONGO POND

Fred Littlefield was calling on Will Bird and Charlie Kimball were here at the farm after a load of hay.

Warren Lapham was a Sunday evening caller at Herbert Damon's.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kimball spent Sunday at West Bethel.

Will Bird is digging his potatoes at the Kimball farm.

Elmer Saunders has moved back into his camp here.

Elmer Saunders and Herbert Damon were in Bethel Friday evening.

Erma Rich took dinner with her mother, Edith Damon, Saturday.

Alton Rich spent Saturday with Lester and Howard Inman.

NORTH WATERFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ford and party from Boston, Mass., are spending a week at Littlefield's cottage at Papoose Pond.

Mrs. Fred Hazelton spent Monday at Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Mitchell from Kennebunkport have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Littlefield.

Willis Littlefield has exchanged cars.

Mrs. Donald Kimball and Mrs. Myra Cheener are on the sick list.

Mrs. Sidney Hatch and sons, Frank and Gerald, were at Conway, N. H., Saturday.

Winola Kilgore attended the Teachers' Convention at Bethel on last Thursday.

Vivian Hatch has been helping Earl Libby dig his potatoes.

Richard Perkins has gone to Waterbury, Conn., to see his brother, Ralph, who is in the hospital there.

EAST STONEHAM

Mrs. Edna Allen spent Friday with Mrs. Lula Kimball.

Mrs. O. C. Farrington closed her camp Sunday and accompanied by Mrs. Helen Young started for Iowa City, Iowa.

Mrs. Farrington and Mrs. Young have been taking their meals at Mrs. C. D. Bickford's for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams of Bridgton were guests of Mrs. Blanche McKeen Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Long are at their camp for a few days.

Mrs. Frances Bennett and children of Bethel spent the day Sunday with Mrs. Sarah Brown.

The 4-H Club will hold their local contest Monday night at East Stoneham. The boys' 4-H Club exhibit at "World's Fair" won a 1st prize.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. MacLean were in Fryeburg Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Warren and daughter, Wilma, also Doris Files were in Bridgton Sunday.

The East Stoneham Sunday School held its first session on Sunday after the summer vacation. The Ladies Aid will have a circle supper Thursday.

NORTHEAST LOVELL

James Brackett and Webster McAllister have been digging a well.

Charles Fox, Fred Littlefield and Joe Fox went to Portland, Oct. 5th.

Henry Fox and three sons and James Brackett went to Fryeburg Fair Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kendall and daughter, Iva, also went to the fair the same day.

George Mills had a corn husking bee at his home Friday evening. The neighbors were invited. Mrs. Mills served a delicious baked bean supper after the husking. Mr. Mills had about 100 bushels of corn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fox and daughter called on Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Davis in Norway last Friday evening.

Miss Pauline Kendall has finished work at North Bridgton and is now working for Mrs. Bennett McDaniels at Christian Hill, Lovell.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. McAllister and Ivan were supper guests at B. C. McAllister's in West Lovell on Sunday.

HERE AND THERE IN MAINE

The cost of the National Guard troops on duty in Maine during the recent textile strike was \$50,000. This sum as well as \$2,000 additional to make repairs on the militia storehouse at Camp Keyes, recently destroyed by fire was, through the order of Gov. Brann and the Executive Council, transferred from the state contingent fund.

Madawaska Lumber Company, \$50,000 capitalization, and the Morse Boatbuilding Corporation of Rockland, capitalized at \$50,000, are two out of five new corporations recently approved by the Attorney General's office.

Examination for recommendation for entrance to West Point for one member of the National Guard will be held at the State House, November 2.

Maine claims 977 of Harvard's living alumni.

CHICAGO LEGIONNAIRES TO GO TO MIAMI VIA CHEVROLETS

American Legion delegates from Chicago to the national convention at Miami, Fla., October 22-25, will make the trip in a motorcade of 75 new Chevrolets. Five trucks will follow the caravan carrying baggage and band instruments.

The Chevrolet Motor Company has donated this huge fleet, with blue bodies and gold wheels, the Legion colors, and the sides of each car will bear the insignia of the veteran's organization. On arrival at Miami the cars will be used as "Official Courtesy" cars to take care of the Legion's distinguished guests who will attend the convention.

The Chicago Legionnaires, 350 in all, will be accompanied by the Chipilly Post drum and bugle corps. At Miami they will compete with the drum and bugle corps from other Legion posts for national honors.

On the way, this Chevrolet motorcade will bring a touch of the national convention to scores of cities and towns. At many points local posts are arranging ceremonies of entertainment for the Chicago delegates. The return trip to Chicago will include visits to important points along the Atlantic seaboard.

FINE HOSE REPAIRED WITH SUITABLE YARN

"Do you need to mend the heel of your best sheer stocking? Then you should use a fine mercerized yarn," says Helen C. Spaulding, Clothing Specialist for the Extension Service. "For sheer hose it would be best to use a yarn made of two strands," she says. "For heavier weight stockings there may be as many as four, two-ply ends in the yarn you select. You buy mercerized yarn primarily because it has a sheen that makes it blend with the fabric to be mended, but did you know that mercerized cotton is stronger than plain cotton yarn of the same size."

"If you want to fill the hole quickly and the appearance does not count, by all means buy a coarse plain darning yarn. One reason why plain yarn fills the hole quicker is that there are many little ends of fiber standing out as a fuzz from the main shaft. Some yarns have this fuzz removed by a process called gassing, thus allowing a less bulky darn."

**L.W. Ramsell Co.**

PHONE 114



your wheels for

SAFE GRIP**THIS FALL AND WINTER!**

43% more miles of non-skid safety at no extra cost because of

Flatter wider tread—
 16% more non-skid blocks—
 Wider riding ribs—
 Heavier tougher tread—

Also you get the blowout protection of Supertwist Cord in every ply.

Skids cause 5½ times more accidents than blowouts—and smooth tires skid 77% farther, other new tires skid 14 to 19% farther, than new "G-3" Goodyear All-Weathers. This "Goodyear Margin of Safety" costs you nothing extra—let us quote on your size "G-3"!

It's Doubly Guaranteed!
 1. Against road hazards.
 2. Against defects for life.

Central Service Station

J. B. Chapman, Prop.

TEL. 103

BETHEL, MAINE

EDW. P. LYONBethel
Maine**New Fall and Winter Dresses**

MATERIALS—all wool, silk and wool, and all silk.
COLORS—Rich Plain colors and plaids
SIZES—No. 16 to No. 46.
PRICES—\$2.98 to \$5.98

New House Dresses

with elbow and long sleeves.
 Styles and materials that attract.
SIZES—No. 16 to No. 44
PRICES—\$1.50 to \$1.98.

"**SNUGGIES**"—for women and children—29c-35c each
 —vests and panties—

**THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT
BETHEL, MAINE**

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
Bethel, Maine.

Any letter or article intended for
publication in the Citizen must
bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude, or publish
contributions in part.

Single copies of the Citizen are
one sale at the Citizen office and
also by
W. E. Bosserman, Bethel
Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel
Lawrence Perry, West Bethel
George Stearns, Hanover
Murry Cummings, Bryant Pond
John Tebbets, Locke Mills

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1934.

BETHEL NEEDS

More and Better Sidewalks—winter
and summer,
Rural Fire Protection,
Night Watchman—All the Year,
Enforced Traffic Rules,
Australian Ballot System for Town
Meetings.

The Biddeford Journal calls at-
tention to a supplementary code
which the Iowa newspapers have
suggested for adoption. The sum-
mary of the code is as follows:

For telling the public that a
man is a successful citizen
when everybody knows he is
as lazy as a government mule,
\$2.70. Referring to a deceased
citizen as one who is mourned
by the entire community when
we know that he will only be
missed by the poker circle,
\$10.13. Referring to some galli-
vaning scandal monger female
as an estimable lady when ev-
ery business man in town would
rather see the devil coming,
\$8.10. Sending a hypocritical old
reprobate to heaven, when we
know that hell is too good for
him, \$5.54. Referring to deceased
merchants as progressive
citizens, when they never ad-
vertised in their life to help
draw trade to town, \$1.00.

One trouble with this code, says
The Bridgton News, is that the
prices are not high enough and an-
other is that it gives away to the
general public trade secrets which
good newspaper men have been
trying to keep to themselves.

Although the people of Bethel
are to receive unexpected benefit
from the State and Federal govern-
ments in the construction of a fine
modern road which will eliminate
two dangerous curves, there will
still be several months of travel
over the old way before the new
highway is completed. That dan-
ger is still present on the corner
where many motorists have come to
grief in late years was shown last
week when a truck went into the
ditch there during a dense fog.
Nearly all accidents occur in the
eastbound traffic although signals
were placed on both sides of the
corner at the same time. The re-
flector on the west side of the
curve has never shown as it should.
Lettering and a center line on the
surface of the road should help,
and a letter from a summer resi-
dent of the village gives another
inexpensive remedy which deserves
consideration:

"I am a regular summer vis-
itor to Bethel and reader of the
Citizen. Besides the local news
I particularly enjoy the
column about items of interest
in Maine. Have noticed re-
marks about the danger of the
sharp corner about one-half
mile before you reach the sta-
tion where you turn left com-
ing from Portland and skirt the
river to a bridge over a creek.
It is in plain sight and warn-
ing signs are O. K. but would-
n't it help if the little clump
of trees dead ahead were paint-
ed white or black and white for
about 15 feet high? The expense
would be small and surely the
owner wouldn't object. It would
also help those coming along
the river road."

**BEST QUALITY
BUTTER WRAPPERS**
Vegetable Parchment
Printed with net weight in pound
and half-pound sizes.
40¢ Per Pound

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

**THE STORY OF
AMOS LUND**
BY D. S. BROOKS

Chapter IV (Continued)

Our regiment mustered about 350
men. Company B, from Piscata-
quis county, commanded by the gal-
lant Captain Morrill, was ordered
to deploy in our front as skir-
mishers. They boldly advanced
down the slope and disappeared
from our view. Ten minutes have
passed since we formed the line;
the skirmishers must have ad-
vanced some thirty or forty rods
through the rocks and trees, but
we have seen no indications of the
enemy. "But look! Look! Look!"
exclaimed half a hundred men in
our regiment at the same moment;
and no wonder, for right in our
front between us and our skir-
mishers, whom they have probably
captured, we see the lines of the
enemy. They have paid no atten-
tion to the rest of the brigade sta-
tioned on our right, but they are
rushing on, determined to turn and
crush the left of our line. Colonel
Chamberlain with rare sagacity un-
derstood the movement they were
making, and bent the left flank of
our regiment until the line formed
almost a right angle with the colors
at the point. All these movements
requiring a much less space of
time than it requires for me to
write of them.

How can I describe the scenes
that followed? Imagine, if you can,
nine small companies of infantry,
numbering perhaps 300 men, in the
form of a right angle, on the ex-
treme flank of an army of eighty
thousand men, put there to hold
the key of the entire position
against a force at least ten times
their number, and who are desper-
ately determined to succeed in the
mission upon which they came.
"Stand firm, ye boys from Maine,
for not once in a century are men
permitted to bear such responsi-
bilities for freedom and justice, for
God and humanity as are now
placed upon you."

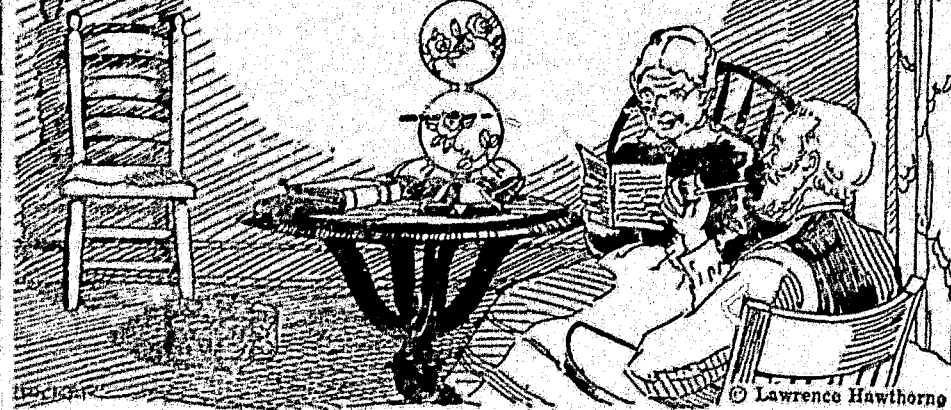
The conflict opens. I know not
who gave the first fire, or which
line received the first lead. I only
know that the carnage began. Our
regiment was mangled in fire and
smoke. I wish that I could picture
with my pen the awful details of
that hour—how rapidly the car-
tridges were torn from the boxes
and stuffed in the smoking muzzles
of the guns; how the steel ram-
mers clashed and clanged in the
heated barrels; how the men's
hands and faces grew grim and
black with burning powder; how
our little line, baptized with fire,
recoiled to and fro as it advanced or
was pressed back; how our officers
bravely encouraged the men to
hold on and recklessly exposed
themselves to the enemy's fire—
a terrible medley of cries, shouts,
cheers, groans, prayers, curses,
bursting shells, whizzing rifle bul-
lets, and clanging steel. And if that
was all my heart would not be so
sad and heavy as I write. But the
enemy was pouring a terrible fire
upon us, his superior forces giving
him a great advantage. Ten to one
are fearful odds when men are con-
tending for so great a prize. The
air seemed to be alive with lead.
The lines at times were so near
each other that the hostile gun
barrels almost touched. As the
contest continued, the rebels grew
desperate that so insignificant a
force should so long hold them in
check. At one time, there was a
brief lull in the carnage, and our
shattered line was closed up, but
soon the contest raged again with
renewed fierceness. The rebels had
been reinforced, and were now de-
termined to sweep our regiment
from the crest of Little Round Top.

Many of our companies have
suffered fearfully. Look at Company
H for a moment. "Sunshine Char-
ley," as he was called, with a fa-
tal wound in his breast, staggered
up to brave Captain Lund. "My
God, Sergeant Steele!" ejaculated
the agonized captain as he saw the
fate of his beloved sergeant. "I am
going, Captain," cried the noble fel-
low, and fell dead, weltering in his
blood. Sergeant Lathrop, with his
brave heart and gigantic frame, fell
dying with a frightful wound. Ser-
geant Duck lay down to die, and

Their Refuge

Life has crowded many blessin's
Into years that we have known
Since the day my boyhood sweetheart
Said she'd be my very own!
Yes, we've had a heap o' sunshine,
Seasoned just a bit with tears—
But the best of all our blessin's
Were those swiftly passin' years
When our children still were with us
An' the house was filled with noise—
Ringin' with the jokes an' laughter
Of those happy girls an' boys!

Days like that are swift in goin';
Soon our children went away,
Leavin' home an' hearts more lonely
Than the lips can ever say.
But we get a lot o' comfort
From the feelin' that they know,
Out there in the world o' business
Where they're givin' blow for blow,
That we're workin' and we're savin'
So, whatever may befall,
This old home is still their refuge
An' we'll hear 'em when they call!



was promoted as his life blood
ebbed away. Adams, Ireland, and
Lamson, all heroes, are lying dead
at the feet of their commander.
Libby, French, Clifford, Holt, Ham,
Chesley, Morrison, West, and Wal-
ker are all severely wounded, and
nearly all disabled. But there is no
relief and the carnage goes on. Our
line is pressed back so far that our
dead are within the lines of the
enemy. The pressure made by the
superior weight of the enemy's line
is severely felt. Our ammunition is
nearly all gone, and we are using
the cartridges from the boxes of
our wounded comrades. A critical
moment has arrived, and we can re-
main as we are no longer. We must
advance or retreat. It must not be
the latter, but how can it be the
former? Colonel Chamberlain un-
derstands how it can be done. The
order is given "Fix bayonets!" and
the steel shanks of the bayonets
rattle upon the rifle barrels.
"Charge, bayonets, charge!" Every
man understood in a moment that
the movement was our only salva-
tion, but there is a limit to human
endurance, and I do not dishonor
those brave men when I write
that for a brief moment the order
was not obeyed, and the little line
seemed to quail under the fearful
fire that was being poured upon it.
O for some man reckless of life and
all else save his country's honor
and safety, who would rush far out
to the front, lead the way, and in-
spire the hearts of his exhausted
comrades! In that moment of su-
preme need the want was supplied.
Lieutenant H. S. Melcher, an offi-
cer who had worked his way up
from the ranks, and was then in
command of Company F, at that
time the color company, saw the
situation, and did not hesitate; and
for his gallant act deserves as
much as any other man the honor
of the victory on Round Top.

With a cheer, and a flash of his sword,
that sent an inspiration along the
line, full ten paces to the front he
sprang—ten paces—more than half
the distance between the hostile
lines. "Come on! Come on! Come
on, boys," he shouts. The color ser-
geant and the brave color guard
follow, and with one wild yell of
anguish wrung from its tortured
heart, the regiment charged. . . .
and, the tide of battle was immedi-
ately turned in our favor.

(To be continued next week)

"For 1000 years poultry was bred
for cock-fights; for fifty it has been
bred for egg production. Future
breeding should emphasize quality,
size, shape, color, and hatchability
of eggs, livability of chicks, size of
bird, and long life of mature stock,"
says James E. Rice, retired head of
Cornell Poultry Department.

**GOULD ACADEMY
NOTES**

Walter Snow of Carlisle
has entered the junior class.
A one session day of school
will be held Saturday, Oct. 13,
up for the Friday following.
County Teachers' Association
convention.

Girl Reserves

The Girl Reserve play
given November 15th, the
having been changed in order
to conflict with the public
entertainment which is to be
strong play for an all night
mystery play, "Ten Days
the Wadding," a comedy by
Barbee. It is a royalty play
will be coached by Miss
good, head of the public
department. It is an excep-
and, as is the custom in all
Reserve plays, there will be
ber of new actresses pre-
These will be aided by
former performances. The
selected follows:
Mrs. Cory, Margaret
Julie, Josephine
Nancy, Betty
Miss Burns, Margaret
Elaine, Rosaline
Francena, Mary
Olivia Ogilvy, Phyllis
Madge, Roberta
Mrs. Gray, Persis
Marie, Frances

Hens that stay out night
make good layers. Pullets
be comfortably housed before
start to lay. Those which
lay before they are housed
when moved, and once a
stops laying it takes two or
weeks to get her started again.

New Cranberries, 2 qt
Native Hubbard Squash,
Pumpkins,
Turnips,
Cabbage,
Fancy Corned Beef,
Sweet Potatoes, 7 lb
International Salt, table
Imitation Vanilla, bot
Close's Pure Extracts,
Allen's Ma
PHONE 122

Why School Savings

The teaching of the meaning and use of money
in the schools has brought about a condition
which more than \$25,000,000.00 is deposited
nually in school banks by school children.

Information from parents, bankers, and school
authorities indicates that these savings have been
very great material help in supporting families during
the past year.

It is not so much the wealthy people who save
money to keep the wheels of industry going as
the smaller deposits which pour into the banks in
every part of the country.

Bethel Savings Bank
Bethel, Maine

Who's Who

By WALDO THAYER
By McClure Newspaper
WNU Service

"The phone bell woke
me and heard Ne-
demand:
"Say, do you go to be-
ants on?"
"No," I said, "but a
gence brings sound to
couldn't know about the
He gave a short of
"Listen, Bert—I need
English producer nam-
Leigh-Bromley in to
studios. I'm dated
at nine, tonight for
ary. How about you
only take a short while
date."
I thought over my plan
meet Miriam's train a
morning. I'd been rem-
if of the day and hour
man has to be carefu-
er when his wife's co-
"All right. But why
off chasing? Some d-
and's Protective league
ants in your pants.
"Hah! Herbert! Say
int. Man, how I'd lo-
you without your halo
well, thanks for takin'
away. Better use
hat'll save explanation
the Christine-Plaza. So
I hung up, swung out
started dressing. Then
some tell-tale evidence
sed of: bottles to be
ad a couple of shirts
mudged collars for t-
Miriam wouldn't be ple-
and those around. Nei-

Our table at the Capl-
an alcove near the
had a good view of
Mr. Wilfred ordered sp-
he, then said:

"Look here, Mr. Ker-
is this idea isn't a bo-
I said: "Not at all—
I'm glad. You see,
and night clubs are q-
with us abroad. I sh-
have left without even a
and this was my last c-
days to be off tomorrow
"Yes," he pursued; "I
free and the job. Hope
come by the Immen-
earned here. Been t-
year to manage this
since my wife came ov-
to your films. By the
say you know her? M-
I did, though not as k-
kept surprise from a
I don't know when
them.

"Mr. Kendall," he s-
you verify an impress-
believe that's my wife
floor, dancing with the
gentleman?"
I look and saw Mae
tightly against N-
they moved a very b-
waltz music. While
they exchanged a
brought a guttural sou-
Bridsher.
"Yes," I told him; "g-
"Rotten little cheat!"
Bramley through shut-
you by chance know t-
Kendall?"
I had my mouth re-
named when I realized
there and I couldn't
Kendall. Then I consid-
the substitution; I
it was Ned's mess at
handle it.

"No," I said, finally:
"I'm before. Sorry."
Sir Wilfred rose. "y-
can learn. Excuse me
The dance was en-
moved away. I drank
wine and decided the
Bramley came back with
formation, I'd spill it a-
had it coming, and I h-
don as a moralist to s-
The producer had
about ten minutes wh-
aware of the headwa-
over me. He s- id con-
"Beg pardon, sir; th-
who was here entruste-
message for you. He
to write. He said the
table long enough for
over, posing as an at-
lector, and get the bon-
there. He said you'd u-
I nudged and asked
all.

"No, sir. He said I

Who's Who

By WALDO THAYER
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WNU Service

"The phone bell woke me. I answered and heard Ned Kendall's voice demand:

"Say, do you go to bed with ear-phones on?"

"No," I said, "but a clear conscience brings sound sleep. You wouldn't know about that."

"He gave a snort of contempt. 'Listen, Bert—I need you. There's

an English producer named Sir Wil-

liam Leigh-Bromley in town, visiting

the studios. I'm dated to interview

him at nine, tonight for a feature

story. How about you handling it?

"I'll take a short while. I've got

to date."

"I thought over my plans. I was

to meet Miriam's train at one in the

morning. I'd been reminding my-

self of the day and hour for a week.

Man has to be careful to remem-

ber when his wife's coming home.

"All right. But why don't you

go off chasing? Some day the Hus-

band's Protective League is going to

take ants in your pants."

"Bah! Herbert Saunders, the

ant. Man, how I'd love to catch

him without your halo some time!

"Well, thanks for taking the job,

away. Better use my name; I

shall save explanations. He's at

the Christine-Plaza. So long."

"I hung up, swung out of bed, and

started dressing. There was still

some tell-tale evidence to be dis-

posed of: bottles to be thrown out

and a couple of shirts with rouge-

stained collars for the laundry.

Miriam wouldn't be pleased if she

saw those around. Neither would I.

Our table at the Capitol club was

in an alcove near the dance floor;

we had a good view of the place.

Mr. Wilfred ordered sparkling Mo-

secco, then said:

"Look here, Mr. Kendall—you're

are this idea isn't a bore to you?"

"I said: 'Not at all—a pleasure.'"

"I'm glad. You see, your Holly-

wood night clubs are quite famous

with us abroad. I should hate to

have left without even a look at one,

and this was my last chance. Shall

have to be off tomorrow."

"Yes," he pursued; "back to El-

more and the job. Hope I shall profit

some by the immense lot I've

earned here. Been trying for a

year to manage this visit—ever

since my wife came over to appear

in your films. By the by, I dare

say you know her: Mae Siddon?"

"I did, though not as his wife. But

kept surprise from showing.

"I don't know when he first saw

off at once to look up his attorney's local agent; there'd be no time in the morning, as his boat sailed at six. He asked me to convey his humblest apologies, sir."

The mention of time reminded me to look at my watch. I jumped

up; I had just half an hour to reach the depot and met Miriam. I said:

"Okay—thanks. Wait a minute; here's something for your trouble."

I fished in my pockets, but could find only a twenty and some change. So I told him:

"Come out to the desk and I'll draw you a check."

The waiter purred a grateful phrase and followed me. I made

out a check for five dollars and gave it to the man. He began a suave

thanks, but it suddenly trailed off. I looked a question at him.

"Pardon me, sir," he said stiffly; "there must be some mistake. You've signed this Herbert Saunder-

ers. That was the name of the gentleman who signed your friend's

book. I saw it with my own eyes, sir."

Pigeon Roost Settlement

Wiped Out by Marauders

What was known as the Pigeon Roost settlement in Indiana consisted of several families that made

a little community in what is now Scott county, says a writer in the

Indianapolis News. This settle-

ment, founded in 1800, was separated from any other by several

miles, and was confined to about a square mile of territory. On Sep-

tember 3, 1812, it was attacked by a band of about twelve marauders,

said to have been Shawnees who, scouring the locality, going from

cabin to cabin, murdered within an hour twenty-two persons—sixteen

of them children and five women. Prior to this general killing two

men were shot in the woods. Most of the cabin homes were burned.

A spirited fight in the house of William Collings, in which three In-

dians were killed, probably pre-

vented a greater slaughter, as the

check to the savages enabled the

rest of the settlement to escape to the blockhouses that stood within

a few miles. Several spectacular escapes have been recorded. The

news of the massacres was carried to Charlestown, Clark county, and

by 2 p. m. the next day, 200 armed men reached the scene, where only

one house remained standing. They took up the trail of the savages,

but never caught up with them. Two children were carried away by

the Indians, Glinsey McCoy, age three, and a boy, Peter Huffman.

They were later returned to their people, but went back to the In-

dians afterward. In 1903 an appropriation was made by legislature

for a monument of Bedford lime-

stone, 44 feet high, which was dedicated October 1, 1904, at the spot

where the massacre victims were buried.

Water Power Was Used in

Mills of Ancient Romans

The origin of water mills is buried in the depths of antiquity,

for they are mentioned by Pliny, and are said to have been intro-

duced into England by the Romans, writes R. Angus Downie in the

Edinburgh Scotsman. Yet they re-

mained unknown in Scotland prior to the Twelfth century, and did not

become anything like common throughout the country for a hun-

ded years. Before their introduc-

tion wheat was ground by bruising in a quern, a method followed in

the Bronze age, and depicted upon the rock tombs of prehistoric

Egypt. When St. Columba studied under Finnian he bruised wheat

with a quern each evening, and at Iona caused his disciples so to

grind their daily meals.

Up to the middle of the Eight-

eenth century water power was only applied to the grinding of

oats. The other processes of pro-

duction were carried on by the labor of human hands. After the

harvest was cut the grain was separated by the use of the flail. In

1710 James Meikle introduced the use of fanners to remove the loose

chaff, but his invention was opposed by religious farmers, who

regarded the raising of wind as interfering with dispensation of

Providence, and it only came gradually into general use. Barley was

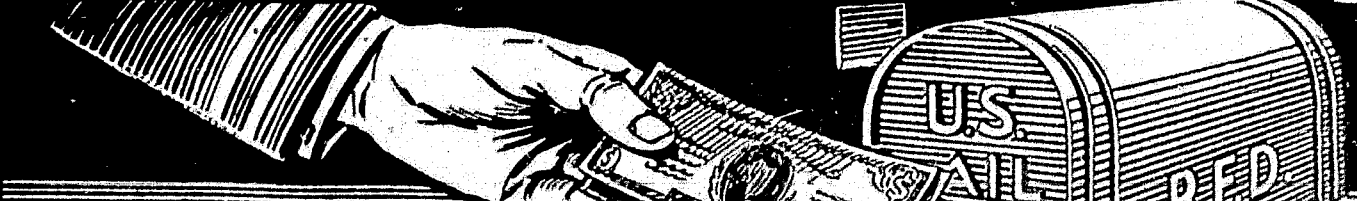
ground by bruising in a mortar or "knocking stone," until about 1750,

when these humble, crude, and wasteful methods were replaced by

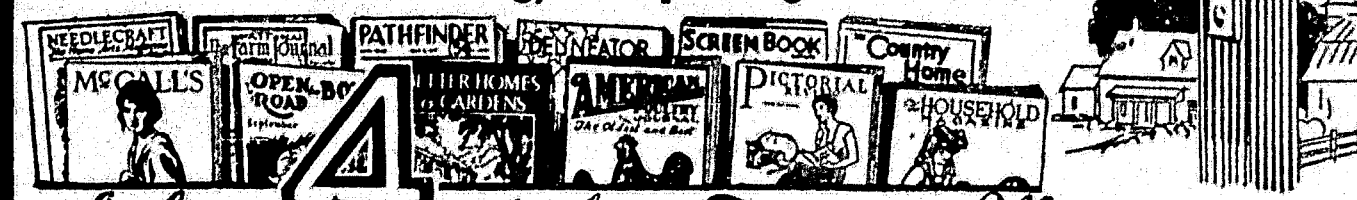
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A Friend of the Governor

By RUFUS M. REED
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WNU Service

STUBBY JOE and Bill Williams sat huddled over the crackling fire they had kindled beside the small tool house in the junction railroad yards. Bill was hunched against the building, and he felt deeply grateful for the protection it afforded from the bitter wind. His clothes, though thin and threadbare in spots, gave him an air of distinction not evinced by the shabby appearance of his buddy—Stubby Joe. Bill had known better days.

Adding bits of ties smelly with grease to the flames, Stubby Joe turned his luck, as usual. He was a down-and-out because the other guys always got the breaks.

Bill felt weak, and he craved a drink. He was watching Stubby Joe in the detached way he had. Presently, as if to shut out the painfulness of the scene, he closed his eyes, sighed, and sank back against the tool house. Bill was a down-and-out to escape reality through the phantasmagoria of day dreams. Whiskey had been his greatest aid. But how is one to get whiskey when one doesn't have two bits?

They had just been kicked out of Slim Pinson's. Tired, hungry, cold, they staggered down through the railroad yards to the shelter of the tool house. If they couldn't have food and whiskey they could at least have a fire.

"Other guys—doy always git de breaks!" Stubby Joe said bitterly. He was thinking of the scene he had glimpsed through the window of the Busy Bee restaurant back at the junction. The railroad men had been eating sumptuously of roast beef, brown gravy and mashed potatoes. Yes, there'd been cake and pie and coffee, too!

Stubby Joe drew out something from his pocket—something wrapped in a piece of soiled newspaper. He spread the paper out on his knees, picked up a dirty piece of corn bread and began nibbling at it, stopping now and then to glance at the worn face of his buddy.

Bill had scorned his offer to share the bread with him. He sat, his eyes shut tight, his thin face lit up with a wan smile.

Stubby Joe's jaw sagged. He was staring transfixed at Bill's face. It was handsome—the face of a dreamer, an artist. Bill was always acting strangely, though, always shutting his eyes and imagining he was in some fine mansion where the fire glowed, and there were servants to do one's bidding, and all the Scotch one could drink. Always, Stubby Joe was his valet in these dream-pictures.

But Stubby Joe was cursing now. He was good and sick of his make-believe! He growled as Bill went on painting the picture of an imaginary ball given by the governor to a number of delightful guests, of which he was one.

Suddenly Stubby Joe lost interest in his companion. His eyes had become fastened upon a fragmentary column in the newspaper.

"Say, pard!" he cried sharply. "Oit an' careful o' dat!" He was holding his crooked finger under the words he had just read.

"Dis shows how de big guys always git all de breaks!" he rasped. But Bill didn't open his eyes. "What does it say, Stubby?" he asked.

"It—it tells here about a guy who must a been a mighty good friend o' de governor. He—de governor—sent dis guy a quart o'—what does it say, Bill? 'four-bon'—"

"'four-bon'—" said Bill. "Gee, that's de wh—"

Bowel Infection

results from imperfectly digested food remaining too long, thus fermenting and putrefying in the intestines. Poisonous germs develop, causing serious sickness. All this suffering and danger may be prevented by using the good old reliable "L.F." Atwood's Medicine to keep your liver and bowels working freely. Be ready. Buy now. The bottle contains 10 doses. At all dealers.

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Stubby went on laboriously. "John Flynn—dat's de—guy's name—"

"'Lucky guy,' Bill intoned. Stubby read: "I was given a quart of bourbon whiskey by the governor last night—"

"Ah!" Bill tried to swallow, but his throat was dry. "Go on, Stubby!" he cried.

Stubby traced out the dim words. "Flynn seemed to be in fine spirits—"

"I would, Stubby, with a quart of bourbon!"

Stubby squinted at the words. "Flynn took two glasses of whiskey—straight—"

Bill interrupted with a smack of his lips. "—without benefit of chaser—"

"I always like them straight, Stubby!"

Stubby resumed: "He lifted his glass in a toast to the governor—"

"Ah, let's drink to the governor, Stubby!" Bill cried, his face diffused with ecstasy. In every fiber he was Flynn, friend of the governor. He held out his quivering hand, as if clutching a glass. He recited a toast, then pretended to drain off a glass of the bourbon.

Stubby watched him, cursing. "You ain't no lucky guy!" he said, and spat in disgust.

"Read some more, Stubby!"

But there was a deep silence. Bill waited breathlessly; then, "Flynn emptied the bottle of half its contents; then, replacing the cork, he handed it to his guards, and was led back to his cell to await execution!"

"Say, Stubby," Bill cried savagely, "gimme a piece of that corn bread will you?"

GROVER HILL

Mrs. E. B. Whitman visited her parents and sister in Norway Friday.

Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson from Mill St., Bethel, was the guest of Mrs. M. F. Tyler and her sister, Mrs. E. C. Barnard, Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jordan and daughter, Eleanor, and Philmore Meserve from Mechanic Falls were recent guests at Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meserve and little daughter, Joan, from Auburn, were callers at Maurice Tyler's Monday.

Mrs. E. C. Mills, who has been the recent guest of her son, B. S. Tyler, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mundt and daughter, Nova, from Westbrook, were week end guests of his parents Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Mundt.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Andrews and family were Sunday callers at C. L. Whitman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Whitman went to Portsmouth, N. H., Wednesday, where they will visit friends and relatives for a few days.

Five trucks are hauling rocks from "Cobblestone," to be used on the piece of road under construction near Alder River.

Charles Dodge and A. J. Peaslee have been digging potatoes for F. E. Wheeler at the farm.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four, and by adjournment from day to day from the third Tuesday of said September. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED: That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1934, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Alice G. Twitchell, late of Bethel, deceased; Petition for the appointment of Malcolm G. Howland as Trustee, presented by Anna B. French, beneficiary under the Will of said deceased.

Witness, Peter M. MacDonald, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 18th day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

FRED W. ROWELL, Register

WITH THE POETS

To Our Readers—If there is an old song or poem which you cannot find and would like to see in print, write the Citizen. If we are unable to locate it possibly another reader can furnish it for publication.

FORGIVE AND FORGET

Grenville Kleiser

Have nothing to do With wrath or vain fret, If some one offends you— Forgive and forget.

What are others' temptations There's no one can tell— So pity—and pardon And all will be well!

Turn retorts into kindness, Be wise—never grieve; Understand others' troubles, Live the faith you believe!

When you suffer injustice, When others offend, When people are peevish, Complain without end,

Remember their troubles, Do naught you'll regret— You don't know their sorrows— Forgive—and forget!

MISGUIDED YOUTH

Nixon Waterman
In Our Dumb Animals

There was a happy pair of quails That every morning, every night, Would fling across the dewy fields Their welcome greeting of "Bob-white!"

It was a cheery, friendly call That seemed to say to all who heard, "The world is full of God's good gifts, Enough for man and beast and bird."

There was a boy, a thoughtless boy Whose parents bought for him a gun: Alas! he owned a sorry sense

Of what is meant by "having fun." He robbed the fields of harmless things

That sought to fill the world with joy: The "Bob-white" call was heard no more

Because of that misguided boy.

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU

Just as you are, no change for me, True-hearted friend, I like the faults that others see.

We don't pretend That life is much beside a dream And things are not the way they seem.

Just as you are, I do not ask Perfection, no, I only want to see the task

That tries you so; And aid you in it to the last, And ward from you life's tempest blast.

Just as you are, change not your voice, Nor yet your smile, Both make me constantly rejoice.

Linger a while And let me see again those eyes That make me strong to silence sighs,

To your virtue I would not add, Yours doth suffice, Example fair to make all glad

At any price. I'll try to emulate your grace, In your heart find my resting place.

I'd change you not, to Time leave all, Too soon, alas! The stage be dark, the curtain fall,

The actors pass, And I will know to my distress, Not e'en your faults can I possess.

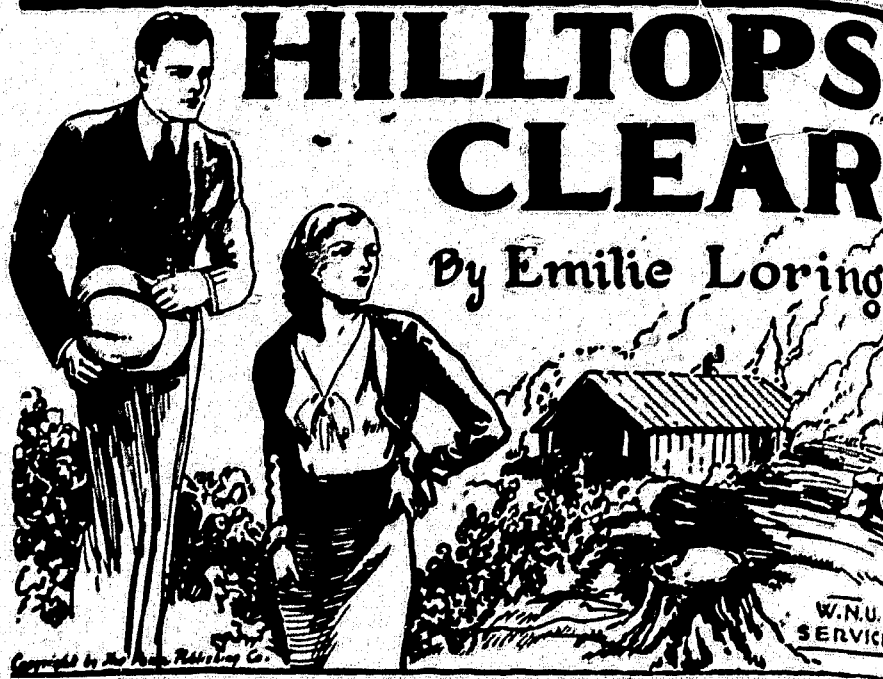
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Bethel, Maine

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Prudence Schuyler comes from New York to Prosperity Farm, inherited from her uncle, to make a new life for herself and her brother, David, whose health has been broken by tragedy.

CHAPTER II

PRUDENCE stopped settling her possessions the next day at noon long enough to inspect the outside of her inheritance. Her tour of inspection ended at the long weather-stained barn.

With a frenzied "cut-cut-cut-cada-kut!" a black hen flew down from the topmost loft. Prudence watched her switch and cackle and flap through the open doorway, before her eyes returned to the spot from which she had descended. Had she been stealing a nest? Could she find it? What fun!

She tugged a light ladder into place, and with excited agility mounted. Past the first mow. Up to the highest, almost touching the roof. She touched warm feathers. A sharp peck from a yellow beak dampened her lashes but steeled her determination. She flung the squawking fowl to an adjacent mound of hay where it made the rafters ring with its outraged cackle.

Prudence sat back on her heels and counted. Eight eggs!

"Si! Oh, Si!"

The cheery call came from below. A man's voice. Not the voice in the fog. That had appeared in person early this morning. Who could it be? Prudence cautiously placed the eggs in her white skirt, gathered up the front of it, and leaned too far over. The hay slid. Struggling to retard her progress, she went with it, down, down into the arms of a man.

"Boy! That was a narrow squeak!"

Prudence had closed her lids tight when she felt herself going. She opened them wide, looked up into the deepest, bluest eyes she ever had seen. Her glance traveled on to light hair which had an engaging tinkle at the temple, then back to the face. Its expression sent a ripple along her nerves. Who was he?

"Seems idiotic to say just 'Thank you' when you really—" Her smile was tremulous, her voice shaken. She faltered.

"Don't think about it. I was the man for the moment, all right. What possessed you to lean over that haymow?"

Prudence freed herself and then stepped back. She resented the dictator's question.

"Don't lose your temper. That's my usual one-two-three-go! method of descending from haymows. Rather original—if you get what I mean." Now that his color had returned, the curve of his sensitive mouth set her on the defensive. It was so darn boyish for a man his age; he must be about thirty.

"Okay with me. Every move a picture. But is this method of transporting eggs also original with you?" He glanced at her white skirt which she still gripped with

one hand. From the side a stream of egg yolks was dripping.

"My word!" She looked from skirt to his perfectly tailored sports suit. It was liberally splashed with yellow which had not been part of the weaver's



"I—I've Made You Look Like Omelette!"

sign: The sight wiped her eyes and voice clean of assumed indifference.

"I'm sorry! I'm terribly sorry! I—I've made you look like omelette."

His eyes deepened as they hers contritely appealing. His tightened. Was he furiously angry because she had spoiled his clothes?

"Truly, I'm sorry. I haven't thanked you for saving me from a horrid fall—I'd loathe being made am on my knees in apology for damage to your clothes. Come."

Suredran

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RAGE
BETHEL, ME

use and Jane Mack will take the spots. She's a demon. "Thank you, my man will do you scorn our help, you will say 'Thank you, won't you?' said out her hand. "I am Prudence Schuyler of Prosperity farm." "I apologize for the damage, amounts to nothing, or the which I deserved. I am—"

all, Rod, here you are!" Si in work-stained blue overalls had a knob-jointed hand. "What you here? Thought you left Ledges last week. Whatta is, didn't know you and Miss was acquainted."

this was the glamorous Rod-gerard! The playboy whom had planned to treat with suadain when or if they met! certainly had a nice sense of to fling her into his arms. ence debonairly answered the ion in Si Puffer's slate-colored.

aren't—that is, we weren't, quite suddenly I took the rest way down from the hay-Mr. Man-of-the-Moment, caught and look!" She held out her

ell, I'll be darned—and eggs cents a dozen! You'd better the mess an' go get that cleaned."

going. Good morning, Mr.—Rod, and thank you again. ence smiled and nodded to the men watching her, as she left barn.

pretty as a movie star and smart steel trap," Si Puffer com-
to is she? What is she doing

haven't you heard? Austin left all his holdings here at slip of a girl. He up an' just after he'd paid a lot of for an annuity, too. Can you tell Miss Prue come to the to see if she can get her David's health back. They he had an income enough to he was a lawyer—besides practice till the crash came. Two ago his wife walked out on with his sister Julie's husband."

shuyler! Is that the family! rotten scandal staggered even most hard-boiled people I know. Miss Schuyler's sister Julie charming but too domestic for man she married. Her husband a woman who would make men stop, look, listen. His sister-in-law was that type. He stepped up and took her. He have her long, Mrs. David Schuyler was smashed up in an automobile accident a week after ran away."

Gorry-me. Makes me think of words in the Bible, 'an' the es of sin is death.' Folks say Schuyler put in all his spare helping the down-an'-out at a mission. Miss Prue's got Whatta mean is, last night I brought them in, the road so thick with fog you could it. Once when I looked round I see tears glistening in her but she kept her voice like I'll bet she sings."

so she intends to farm! Haven't any money?"
out it; investments wiped out quick and as clean as you can writing from a slate. Whatta is, they lost their money, the talk in the village. She get their living all right from place, if—only, she will stick it. In spite of radios an' movies, less 'twon't seem much like the. Thought you'd gone, Rod. you usually go flying or play-holo or visiting this time of

ney Gerard looked quickly at her inscrutable face. "You're crazy about me as a solid citi-are you, Si? I was going, but Calloway held me up. He is my decision on the timber so that he can make his con- for the increase in his cut."

Puffer rubbed his hand up and his unhaven cheek. He said: "I'll donate one piece of advice, I don't trust Calloway. Whatta is, that old trouble between two is only smolderin'. Len's been a queer mixture of able temper and a sense of jus- When he gets mad he sees red. Don't let him have that

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to come out for the good of the forest."

"I did. There's thousands of feet of standing timber that's no longer growing, more than half of it decayin' an' likely to be destroyed by the first storm. I told you something else too—that you ought to have a forester here to mark every tree that was to come out, not leave it to the judgment of any man who can swing an ax, and that you ought to be here yourself when the cutting was done to see it was done right."

"I haven't forgotten, but, Si, they cut trees when the snow is on the ground. What would I do here in winter?"

"Folks have lived here through a winter, Rod, and slept and ate like human beings. I calculate 'twouldn't hurt you none."

With a boyish shout of laughter, Rodney Gerard flung his arm about Puffer's shoulders.

"Don't you go back on me. I bank on you to stand by me as you have ever since you taught me to hold a gun. As to Len Calloway, I'll say 'nothing doing' to him now, and when I get around to it I'll have a forester give us a report on the trees."

"All right, Roddy. When you get the forester—here, have him look over that wood lot of Miss Prue's. There's about five hundred acres along the rise that Austin Schuyler bought of Len Calloway's father. That stretch called The Hundreds between the highway an' the sky line. It's the best stand of spruce and pine in the county. Ought to bring that spunky little girl a nice bunch of cash; but I'm afraid if Len Calloway gets hold of Miss Prue before she knows its value, he'll make a sharp trade with her. He

held me up in the fog last evening to ask when she was comin'. I didn't let on I had her in the back seat that very minute. Didn't want him to get in a lick till I'd warned her to watch her step. But he beat me to it. He's been to see her this morning."

"This morning!"
"Gorry-me, Rod, what's there in that to get so excited about? Every unmarried man in the county—I wouldn't put it past some of the married ones—will come buzzin' round the red brick house like bees around a honey pot, now that girl is there."

Rodney Gerard thoughtfully regarded a fish hawk sailing high above him. He was looking at a different world from the world he had known as he entered the old barn. The sky seemed bluer, the air more sparkling; his blood raced through his veins. He had the sense of a new beginning, as if again, as in his ardent boyhood, he set his compass by a shining star. He colored as his glance came back to the quizzical eyes watching him.

"Look here, Si, don't let Miss Schuyler sign up with Calloway. She will listen to you. I'll have a forester here within a month if I have to buy one. I was going to New York tonight—but I'll cut out the social stuff this autumn, stay here and attend to the timber."

Puffer strode after him as he left the barn. "Do you mean to say, Roddy, that you'll winter along with us and get out the logs? Mebbe I kin see you doing it!"

The not too thinly veiled taunt sent the blood in a red tide to Gerard's fair hair. He sprang into the low, long roadster, which had not a touch of color to relieve its shining blackness. He slammed the door and jumped the car forward.

"Mebbe, Mr. Puffer, you don't know as much about me as you think you do!" he flung over his shoulder.

Si Puffer's faded eyes were warm with affection as he watched the roadster skid round the curve.

"Got him mad, gorry-me, got him mad. Guess I went to work the right way to wake that young feller up." He chuckled, prodded thoughtfully with the straw, before he reflected aloud:

"I wonder, though, how much I really had to do with his staying."

Dusk and Mrs. Puffer appeared simultaneously at the red brick house. Prudence was placing a fresh blotter on her brother's desk in the living room when the massive woman waddled in and set a crisp golden brown loaf on the table.

"That's for luck. My grandmother, who was Welsh, always carried along a loaf when went visiting."

She claimed it brought good fortune."

"It smells marvelous! Raisins—hundreds of them! I'm going to eat that crusty end this minute."

"Glad you like it; knew you wouldn't have time to cook today, so left some things in the kitchen for your supper. I wanted to come up and help, but Si said you had everything planned so fine that the moving went as if 'twas on greased wheels. He thinks you're a wonder. Don't know but what I'll get jealous."

Her small brown eyes, flecked with green, disappeared in rolls of flesh when she laughed.

Prudence dropped to a floor cushion beside the chair. She swallowed an especially plummy mouthful.

"Jealous! A woman who can make bread like this! You don't have to worry about keeping your men folk off the street. I'll wager they are on time for every meal."

Mrs. Puffer's eyes filled, her lips quivered. "Si is all the men in the family now—we had a boy." She touched a tiny gold star pinned on the breast of her gown. "This stands for a white cross in France."

Prudence laid her hand on the plump fingers. "Dear Mrs. Puffer, I wasn't very old when David went across, but I remember Mother's eyes when the doorbell or the phone rang. They seemed to knife through my heart even when she smiled and talked in her beautiful voice. She had such gay courage."

"Gay courage! That's the sort. Most folks talk of grim courage. I guess that idea came from our Puritan ancestors. But your brother came back safe, dearie. They told me in the village that he wears ten bars on his Victory medal."

"Yes, for carrying ammunition to the Front of the Front in ten campaigns."

"They tell me, too, that isn't all you have to be proud of him for." She resolutely cleared her voice.

"We're getting kind of solemn in the firelight. You look real handsome in that dress, it's just the color of the shine in your hair, 'tain't red an' 'tain't yellow, it's like some of my prize zinnias—and those wax beads around your neck are awful pretty."

Wax beads! Julie's pearls! What would Mrs. Puffer say if she knew their value?

"What sort of man is Mr. Calloway, Mrs. Puffer? Something of an exhibitionist, isn't he?"

The stout woman's placidity was slightly shaken. "Dearie, you gave me a start. Si told me I must warn you about Len, and I was thinking how I'd best begin when you up and ask the question. Don't trust him."

Prudence chuckled. Mrs. Puffer's portentous voice was so out of character with her personality.

"I've always lived here?"
"He was born in this house."

"Here!"

"Lors, Miss Prue, before you've lived here a month you'll think every person in the United States had a relative who was born in this house, or one who died here. Folks is everlastingly stopping to ask if they may look around because someone who belonged to them once lived here."

"Sort of a combination of maternity hospital and detention house for heaven, wasn't it? It is almost dark. Let's have a light." She applied a match to the wick in the lamp on the table. "It's out! I'm clumsy. Wonder why Uncle Austin didn't have electricity put in. There! It's lighted!" She adjusted the green shade.

"I guess your uncle thought he'd spent enough on the old house for a start. If he'd had women folks, they would have struck for it. I've got everything electric from an ice-box to a sewing machine. Don't know that it gets me any more time, though. I must be going. When's your brother coming, dearie?"

"Just as soon as I get the house in order. It won't be but a few days now. Do you think he will like it? David and I are all that are left of the family. Mother and Father died in my debutante year. He was so much older than I that he has taken their places. He has been everything to me—since I lost my sister. Oh, Mother Puffer, you think he will get well here, don't you?"

"Get well! Never knew anyone who once settled in this village to die of anything but old age. He'll be spry and dancing at your wedding before you have time to turn around."

"My wedding! I married!" Prudence coughed in the vain hope of

counteracting the bitterness of her exclamation. "I hope Dave gets well long, long before that. Thanks heaps for everything, Mrs. Puffer. Good night! Come again soon!"

Prudence curled up in the wing-chair, confided to the fire:

"The long winter evenings! Seed catalogues for entertainment! Zowie!"

"Self-pty almost caught me that time. Ingrate! Walling over prospective long evenings, when, within my first twenty-four hours here, an all-conquering lumberman has called, and I have been snatched from a messy accident by a rich playboy."

She relived that episode. Shivered. Her realization of the smash from which Rodney Gerard had saved her had ripped off the shell of indifference to men in which she had encased her heart. She had actually liked him! Would she be able to harden again?

"Supper's ready, Miss Prue."

Prudence joined the woman at the door. "I'm hungry; that's why I'm low in my mind, Macky. Didn't Mother Puffer say that life could be awful dark and dreary on an empty stomach?" She linked her arm in that of the woman. "She's a dear to bring us things, and a wonderful cook."

Jane Mack sniffed. "She may be a wonderful cook, but she's a terrible talker. She said to me, 'What makes Miss Prue so bitter about men—a pretty child like her? Did her city beau turn her down because she lost her money?'"

Prudence bit her lips to steady them, blinked hard. Since the warning tap on her brother's shoulder, little hot, salty springs seemed in constant commotion behind her eyes.

Mrs. Puffer's question about the city beau returned to Prue's mind as several hours later she unlashed the string of pearls before the mirror on the chintz dressing table. She looked at the lovely, gleaming things which dipped from her pink palm.

Her sister's pearls. Lovely Julie's, who had married the son of a multimillionaire, adoring him, believing in him. When after two years of marriage she had discovered his unfaithfulness—the treachery of her brother's wife—she had crumpled, her life had gone out like a candle, and with it the life of her baby.

The tragedy had seemed to run back into the very roots of Prue's heart—if one's heart had roots—or the spring of her heart which threatened so often to bubble up in tears.

It had killed the lovely shining belief she had had in people, taken the sunshine out of living.

Time had eased the ache, but it had not restored her faith. She had had men friends, but she had steeled herself against their protestations. There were plenty of safe, sane interests without staking her happiness on a man.

Men. The eyes of the girl in the glass narrowed a trifle. She had met two today. Mrs. Puffer had declared:

"There's one or two smart Alecks in the village who'll do you, if they get the chance."

Prudence laid the pearls in their satin beds and snapped the case shut. She tapped the velvet lightly with a finger as she reflected aloud:

"One or two smart Alecks. I wonder—I wonder if Mrs. Puffer was warning me against one or both of my new acquaintances."

(To be continued next week)

Right Now — To-day
Start to Get Rid of
That Old Cough

Buckley's Mixture (triple acting), the largest selling cough and cold medicine in all of Canada is now made in Buffalo—it's different from all others because it "acts like a flash"—one little sip proves it.

You can't go wrong on Buckley's—often 1 or 2 doses ends a stubborn cough and the toughest old hang-on coughs and colds leave for good in a day or two.

It's a powerful yet safe and harmless remedy and when you buy one 4¢ cent bottle you won't need to worry over bronchitis, coughs or colds.

Get Buckley's Mixture at W. E. Bosserman's—or any Modern drug-store—money back if not delighted.

AT DRUGGISTS 45¢ & 85¢
BUCKLEY'S
MIXTURES
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT!

RECREATIONAL NOTES

By Herbert L. Swett

The Island of Bermuda, in 1933 for broadcasting purposes appropriated \$65,000, and in 1934, \$80,000. This increase of \$15,000 brought an increase in business to Bermuda of 123% last winter amounting to a total tourist business of \$37,000,000.

The magazine "Outdoor Life" has recently sent out a report by states of non-resident fishing licenses sold in 1933. The record shows for Michigan, 58,662 licenses; Minnesota, 37,253; Wisconsin, 41,243 and for Maine 18,719. These three states of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin are Maine's leading competitors in fishing as a vacation recreation. This is conclusive evidence that Maine must have an enlarged advertising program to meet this competition and that the Fish and Game Department must also be financially supported in developing its program of more hatcheries and enlarged feeding of these three states.

The New York Trust Company in its August publication, "The Index," states that "The expenditures of people travelling solely for pleasure amounts in a normal year to five-billion dollars."

If we divide this by the total number of states it approximates \$100,000,000 to each state, almost identically the figures used by us as the amount of money the tourist spends in Maine yearly.

But we know that many states have very little to attract the tourist, and we believe that no state has attractions equal to Maine.

On this premise shouldn't Maine get a much larger proportion of the \$5,000,000,000 yearly expenditure?

It is estimated that in 1930 a total of \$50,000,000 was spent in advertising travel objectives. Maine's \$50,000 is only 1-1000 part and look, decidedly small.

A leading automobile manufacturer spends 16% of the gross sales for advertising purposes. Another one spends 10%. These are among the leading automobile companies which have survived the depression. Advertising has kept them in business. The Cunard Line spends 5% of its gross sales.

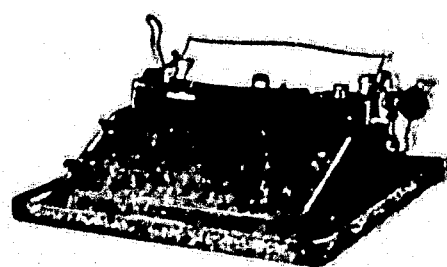
\$250,000 to advertise Maine's recreational resources would be 1/4 of 1% of our gross business.

A family grown suddenly wealthy had purchased a farm replete with hens, cows and pigs.

"Do your hens lay eggs," a visitor asked the daughter of the family. "Oh they can," was the reply, "but in our position they don't have to."

Now is the time to install a water system in the kitchen. In a short time the path to the well will be covered with snow and ice.

Let's have
it Quiet



The eternal plea of those who want to work — and think. Especially those who write. For when thoughts must be written, quiet is a blessing.

That's why the Remington Noiseless Portable is the favorite writing instrument in den and library—in staterooms and berth.

Quiet for the worker. Undisturbing to those nearby.

Try this quiet writer at your convenience. No obligation.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
Bethel, Maine

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

POTATOES FOR SALE, 50 cents a bushel. MRS. MARY LADD, Bethel.

FOR SALE—Two Complete Sets of Drums. Will sell cheap. Inquire of E. W. ELDREDGE, Bethel.

FOR SALE—Lumber shed and two car garage, formerly used by H. I. Bean, lumber dealer. L. E. DAVIS.

FOR SALE—R. I. Red Pallets. April hatch. Range grown, healthy. Priced right for quick sale. GUY BARTLETT, East Bethel, R. F. D. 1.

FOR SALE—MacIntosh, Blue Pear Main and Wolf River apples. M. F. TYLER, Bethel, Grover Hill.

FOR SALE—Cord Wood, sawed to order. Stove wood seasoned under cover. FRED I. CLARK, Bethel.

New and Used Ranges, and Franklin fireplaces. New Peterson range burner now installed for \$25. All brass and chromium plated. Electric Furnace Burners. Furnaces vacuum cleaned on order. H. ALTON BACON, Bryant Pond, Me.

Miscellaneous

Adelaide Louise Beauty Parlor—Finger wave, marcel, manicleure, 35c. Hot oil shampoo and wave, 35c. Facial, 50c. Elsa B. Aubin, Mason St., Tel. 43-2.

Firearms, Ammunition, and Trappers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts.

Born

In Greenwood, Oct. 6, to the wife of Beryl Martin, a son.
In Berlin, N. H., Oct. 11, to the wife of Dr. Harry M. Wilson of Bethel, a daughter.
In Bryant Pond, Oct. 8, to the wife of Kirke Stowell, a daughter.

Died

In Corinth, Vt., Oct. 7, Charles A. Douglass, native of Bethel, aged 61 years.
In Grafton, Oct. 10, Percy M. O'Brien of Dixfield, aged 53 years.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL NOTES

The following pupils in the Sixth grade received 100 per cent in Spelling for the week ending Oct. 5th: Hope Bailey, Buddy Clough, Donald Cross, Eva Deegan, Joseph Deegan, Muriel Hall, Mary Jodrey, Robert Lawe, Barbara Luxton, and Gary York.

The following Seventh grade pupils had 100 per cent for the same week: Kathryn Davis, Sidney Howe, Lillian Leighton, Catherine McMillin, Margaret Vall, Harold Young, and Edna Young.

SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK REPORT

Week of Oct. 9.

Grade	Savings Bank Total	%
I	\$2.49	68.
II	2.00	48.
III	1.95	66.
IV	1.90	64.
	\$3.00	\$8.05
V	\$1.50	52.2
VI	1.60	81.3
VII	1.60	123
VIII	3.00	333
	\$4.00	\$5.30

First and Sixth have banners.

REMINGTON
TYPEWRITERS

CITIZEN
OFFICE
PHONE
18-11

Aunt Minnie—
Cupid's Aid

By MARIAN P. JOHNSON
© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WSU Service

"You'll be going back East soon, Donald," murmured Alicia Hall wistfully.

She was being a "blue girl" tonight. Her eyes were blue gentians, fringed with lovely darkened lashes, her little silk frock was a smooth blue sheath enfolding her like the clinging petals of a flower; even her soft young voice had a "blue" note in it. She had practiced that sentence carefully this very night for a full half hour before her mirror—with gestures!

"I'll miss you so," sighed Alicia. "Will you really?" asked Donald, even a little eagerly, it seemed. Alicia said a little closer.

And then it happened! A soft, padding step in the hall, a muffled fumbling along the wall, and then a voice—Aunt Minnie's voice.

"Alice, honey, I can't find the switch!" And Aunt Minnie, clad in a shapeless wrapper, her feet in felt slippers, appeared in the doorway. "It's my insomnia," she complained. "I couldn't sleep a wink. It's bothered me ever since your Uncle Hiram died! I thought maybe he was a glass of warm milk—oh, who's the young man, Alice?"

"It's—Donald Tilden, Aunt Minnie," said Alicia. "We used to go to school together. He's home on vacation, you see!"

"Hum-m-m," said Aunt Minnie. "I'll get your milk for you," offered Alicia.

"Why did she have to come to visit just now?" wailed Alicia, pouring milk. "And why must she also be cursed with insomnia? Just two more nights and Donald will go back East for another year—and some scheming little hussy will probably marry him!"

She set the glass on a small tray with a vicious little thump and took it in to Aunt Minnie.

"I guess I'll just sit awhile and sip it," decided her aunt. "It's cozy. What do you do, young man?"

Alicia caught her breath sharply, but Donald was very polite. He told Aunt Minnie all about his job; answered a hundred questions! It took a long time. Alicia nodded, but it was no use. Aunt Minnie stayed until Donald rose to go.

"It's eleven o'clock," he exclaimed, pocketing his watch. "I always make it a habit to start home at eleven."

Alicia, looking into his nice young face, with his big brown eyes, could have wept. She did weep—when she reached her room!

The next evening Alicia took elaborate precautions. She was carrying a glass of warm milk up the stairs as Donald arrived. "There," she thought, settling down on the divan. "That ought to fix Aunt Minnie!"

But little did she know the demands of insomnia! This time it was a hot water bottle Aunt Minnie plaintively requested. It seemed the milk, alone, was of little use!

Gritting her small white teeth behind a frozen little smile Alicia went to prepare the hot water bottle—and then sat, with flaming cheeks, watching Aunt Minnie rock and allow the thing to cool until eleven!

And then it was Donald's last night! Alicia's fingers shook as she prepared Aunt Minnie's warm milk and filled the hot water bottle.

"Donald," she murmured some time later, "this is our last night—" She snuggled close. Donald's arm went around her—

"Alice, honey," came Aunt Minnie's thin voice from the hall, "is there any extra milk?" She shuffled into the room explaining, "I couldn't sleep. I thought maybe another glass—"

Choking down a sob, Alicia ran into the kitchen and began frantically warming milk. It was ten o'clock. Only one little hour and Donald would be gone—forever! Alicia's thoughts scurried around like small mice in a wire trap. Hot tears burned in the lovely eyes.

"I'll call her out—and tell her!" she flamed. "As soon as she drinks her milk! Let her get mad! Let Daddy get mad! I don't care!"

Aunt Minnie received the milk and sipped slowly.

"You know," she remarked suddenly, "when you two are married I'm going to give you that cottage at the lake next to mine as a wedding present! You're going to marry her, aren't you, young man?" she inquired sharply.

"Why, yes—if she'll have me," agreed Donald, surprised.

"Course I knew it," said Aunt Minnie. "I could tell by the way you talked about Alice when she was out getting things that you was in love with her! He's just like your Uncle Hiram, honey," she beamed, patting Alicia's icy hand. "The quiet kind. I thought he never would propose to me! But, don't you worry, she added sagely, "they make the best husbands!" Smiling contentedly, Aunt Minnie went padding off to bed.

And this time Donald forgot to go. "She's a great old girl—your Aunt Minnie," he grinned. "Her—and her insomnia!"

In his arms Alicia was no longer the blue girl—but a radiant, newly engaged girl!

Curfew, English Custom,
Still Observed in Pizces

The well-known recitation, "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" was written about the curfew bell of Chertsey church, near the Thames in Surrey, where it rings every night through the winter until March—as it has done for centuries, notes a writer in the Montreal Herald.

Chertsey is not the only place where the curfew can be heard, for these ancient bells are still rung in many towns and villages. This shows how general the custom was once, and one of the most important customs. Wherever there were people living, there the curfew had to be rung. These were the king's orders.

William the Conqueror was the first king to make this custom a strict law, and every night at eight o'clock the curfew bell was rung, which means that all fires and lights had to be put out, and everybody had to go indoors. Those found outside by the king's soldiers after the bell had rung were severely punished. As the years went by the rules were made less strict, and the hour of bedtime grew later.

It is said that only in one place was the curfew allowed to be rung later than anywhere else. This was at St. Mary-le-Moor, at Wallingford, in Berkshire, where the people rang the bell to welcome William after his victory at Hastings. As a reward for this welcome the new king granted permission for the curfew to be rung at nine o'clock at night.

Romance of Wedding Ring
Dates to Egyptian Times

The Egyptians of old said that a delicate nerve runs from the fourth finger of the left hand to the heart, writes a correspondent in the Weekly Irish Times. So this finger is adorned with the wedding ring, the left hand being chosen to show that the woman is to be "subject to the man."

Ring posies or motifs were inscribed inside the rings given by men to women in the sixteenth century. The "posies" were composed of rhyming lines, such as:

"In thee, my choice, I do rejoice."
"My heart and I until we die."
"When this you see then think of me."
"Not two, but one, till life is done."

The old Mispah ring—a gold ring bearing the word "Mispah"—was exchanged between lovers when they were to be parted for any length of time, the word Mispah being interpreted as "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other."

In ancient Rome special star-rings, dedicated to the goddess of Health, were worn as protection against diseases and plagues. Part of the design of the ring was a coiled snake, the viper having been regarded as a symbol of healing. Perhaps this was the origin of the so-called "Hallowed Rings" of the Middle Ages—rings made from nails taken out of old collars, which were supposed to cure cramps in the muscles.—Montreal Herald.

Gordon Lathrop and family have returned from Twitchell Lake where they have spent the summer and are living in Mrs. Florence Douglass' house on lower Church Street.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

METHODIST CHURCH

P. J. Clifford, Pastor
945 Sunday School. New classes and the work starting up after Promotion Sunday.

11.00. Everyone wanted at the morning service. Mr. Cohen, assisted by an organist from Rumford, will assist in the music. Mr. Cohen is one of the finest violinists in the County. Sermon by the Pastor—Freedom.

7.30. Evening Service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

9.30 Church School. Miss Ida Packard, Superintendent.

Morning Service at 11.00 a. m. Speaker, Rev. Herbert T. Wallace of Orleans, Vt. Subject, "The Cost of Character."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Services Sunday morning at 10.45.

"Are Sin, Disease, and Death Real?" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon to be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, Sunday, Oct. 15. Among the citations from the Bible is the following: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, I have called thee by name; thou art mine" (Isa. 43:1).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, one of which reads: "Christian Science reveals God, not as the author of sin, sickness, and death, but as divine Principle, Supreme Being, Mind, exempt from all evil" (p. 127).

PROMINENT SPEAKERS AT CON.

—Continued from Page One—

Brown, Field Agent for Rural Education.

Music, Mrs. Ada Bracy and Mrs. Laleah Synder, Riddellville. "Teaching Art in Elementary Schools," Supt. Thomas A. DeCosta, Phillips.

School Board Members and Superintendents: Chairman, Superintendent E. R. Bowdoin, Bethel. Address, "What the Superintending School Committee Has a Right to Expect from the Teacher," Mrs. Agnes B. Twaddle, Former Chairman of Committee, Bethel; Address, "Some Phases of the Work Accomplished by the Public School Finance Commission," Dr. Bertram E. Packard, Commissioner of Education, Connecticut; Address, Dr. Arthur W. Hauck, President, University of Maine.

Officers—1934-1935
Officers of the Association for 1934-1935 are: Principal Verdo M. Sampson of Norway, president; John Daker, Dixfield, vice president; Dorothy Ross, West Paris, secretary-treasurer; Principal George Lord, Rumford, Principal Dwight Libby, West Paris, and Guy Rowe, Norway; executive committee; and Principal William O. Balloy, retiring president, delegated to the National Education Association convention.

SCHOOL PAPER

MARGINAL LIFE

100 SHEETS 8x10 1/2 inches

Punched for three-ring notebook

10¢

ODEON HALL, BETHEL

8:15

Children 20c Adults 35c

Saturday Night, Oct. 13

NILES ASHER—GLORIA STUART

"The Love Captive"

Beano

IS ONE WAY TO GET
A BLANKET

BUT

THE BEST WAY IS TO

BUY

Beacon

Blankets

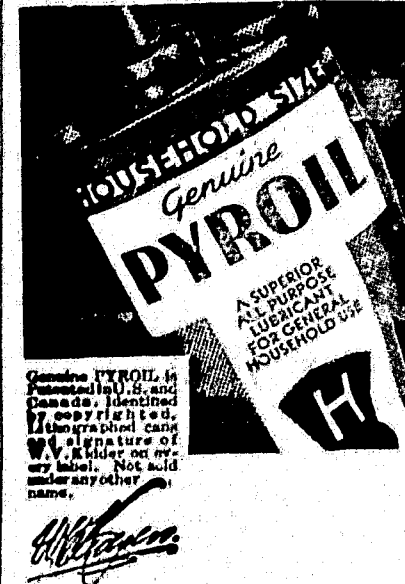
Prices \$1.50 to \$4.00

AT

ROWE'S

Established 1865

BETHEL, MAINE



Like the famous Pyroil autos. Household Pyroil lubricates and protects where ordinary oil fails. Test it. Pyroil. Nothing like it—bees Pyroil contains an exclusive patent-protected element many times more resistant to friction and wear.

For Every Home, Office or Shop Need

25 CENTS

3 Ounce Dropper-Top Tin

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TYPEWRITER

RIBBONS

75¢

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
Bethel, Maine

THE

THE XL—NUMBER 2

THEL AND VICKI

J. Blake of Island Pond

Monday.

S. Robertson is con-

come by illness.

C. Park attended

at South Paris Tues-

day, and Mrs. E. P. Brown

lives at Portland over the

week.

W. R. Chapman is ha-

tion built at the rear

of the

Ms. L. L. Mason of Nor-

wichon guest at Mrs. O.

Ms. Vitella Hiseley of R.

was a guest of Mrs. O.

Wilmington Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. With-

er of Buckfield were

at Fred Clark's.

Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Ma-

rtin of South Paris

at O. M. Mason Tuesday.

Ms. Methe Packard is

spending some time at her home

in going to her work in the

city, and Mrs. L. W. Ram-

sey returned from their camp

where they spent the

week.

William Bingham 2d at

Bethel by private train

on Oct. 6 at 6:30 Wednes-

day.

George Hall of Lewiston

Mrs. C. W. Hall enjoy-

ing a trip to northern New

York.

Mrs. Lena Heath of Po-

land her brother, R.

and family at the

Parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dou-

glas accompanied by Fran-

ces of Hanover, spent

the week at Corinth, Vt.

Ms. H. I. Bean, who

is spending her week-end

at South Albany,

home Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond

and Little daughter Pa-

remont, N. H., were vi-

siting Mrs. Thomas' a-

unts Crosby. They are

leaving soon, where Mr.

is a position.

Those from Bethel at-

tending the 16th Masonic

meeting of the 16th Masonic

Norway Tuesday even-

ing were Van, Arthur Cut-

ler, E. P. Lyon, D. G.

Edwards, F. E. Russel-

lett, H. C. Rowe, Ed-

ward, C. W. Hall.

Ms. C. W. Hall.

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